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The Law at Heart's Desire

A Tale of the West

By Emerson Hough

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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The Law at Heart's Desire

By Emerson Hough

THE CAUSE CELEBRE WHICH AROSE FROM CURLY'S KILLING OF HIS FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW'S PIG

A GREAT many bowels have been injured in the pastime known as the "double roll." Especially has this been the case with persons not native to the land of Heart's Desire or the equivalent thereof. Even those born to the manner, and possessed of the freedom of a vast landscape whose every particular was devoted to the behoof of any man seized with a purpose of attaining speed and efficiency with firearms, did not always reach that smoothness and precision in the execution of this personal manœuvre which alone could render it safe to themselves or impressive to the beholder. The owner of this accomplishment was never apt to find himself much crowded with company, in the way either of participants or spectators. Yet the art was a simple and harmless one, pertaining more especially to youth, enthusiasm and the fresh air of high altitudes, which did ever evoke saltpetreish manifestations.

The evolution of the "double roll" is executed by taking a six-shooter—let us hope not one of those pitiful toys of the East—upon each forefinger, each weapon so hanging balanced on the trigger-guard and the trigger itself that it shall be ready to turn about the finger as upon a pivot, and shall be ready for instant discharge, the thumb cocking the weapon as it turns; yet so that it shall none the less be discharged only when the muzzle of the weapon is pointed away from the operator's person and not toward it. It is best for the ambitious to begin this little sport with an empty weapon. Thus one will readily observe that the click of the hammer is all too often heard before the whirl of the gun is fully under way, and while the muzzle is pointed midway of the operator's person; the weight of the heavy gun being commonly sufficient to pull back the trigger and so discharge the piece. When the ambitious soul has learned to do this "roll" with one empty gun he may try it with two empty guns. If he finds it possible thus to content himself it will perhaps be all the better for him. To stand upright, with a gun in each hand, even an empty gun, and so revolve the same while its own cylinder is revolving, is not wholly easy, though, when one has finally gotten both hemispheres of his brain into accord with his forefingers, he will ever thereafter be able to understand fully the double revolution of the earth, upon its axis and around the sun; provided always that he is able to perform the "double roll" without hitch or break, pulling right and left forefinger alternately and rapidly until he has heard what in his tentative case must be a series of six double clicks.

This performance with an empty six-shooter is but a pale and spiritless form of the sport of high altitudes. Instead there should be twelve reports, so closely sequent as to sound as one string of explosion. Thus executed the game is a fine one, the finer for being risky. To so stand erect, with an eight-inch Colt in either hand, each arm at full length, one gun shooting joyously down the centre of the street of your native town, the other shooting as cheerfully up the same street—to do this actually, with bark of powder and attendant puffs of dust-cut—this is indeed delightsome when the heart is full of red blood, and the chest swells with charged wine o' life, and the eyes gleam and the muscles harden for very search of some endeavor immediate and difficult! It is the more delightsome when this moment of man-frenzy finds one in such a town as was this of Heart's Desire; where, indeed, a man could do precisely as he pleased; where it was not accounted wrong or ill-balanced to claim the whole street for a half-moment or so of a cloudless morning, and so to ease one's self of the pressure of the joy o' life. To own this little world, to live free of touch or taint of control or guidance, to be brother to the mountains, cousin of the free sky—to live in Heart's Desire and be a man—ah! would that were possible for all of us to-day! Were it so, then assuredly we should exult and take unto ourselves all the privileges of the domain, perhaps even to the extent of attempting the "double roll."

Perhaps, if we were each and every one of us a prospective bridegroom, as was Curly, upon this morning in question, we should be all the more persuaded to execute the "double roll" in mid-street, as proof to the public that all was well. Perhaps, also, if there should thus appear to any of us, adown street upon either hand, an object moving slowly, pausing, resuming again across the line of gun-vision its slow advance—ah! tell me, if that slow-moving object crossing a bridegroom's joyous aim were a pig, a grunting, fat, conceited pig, arrogating to itself much of that street wherefrom one's fellow-citizens had for a moment of grave courtesy withdrawn—tell me, if you were a bridegroom, soon to be happy, and if you could do the "double roll" with loaded guns and no danger to your bowels, and if while so engaged you should see within easy range this black, sleek pig, with its tail curled tightly, egotistically, contemptuously over its back, what, as a man, would you do? What, as a man, could you do in a case like that, in a land where there was no law, where never a court had sat, where never such a thing as a case at law had been known? Consider, what would be the abstract right and justice of this matter, repeating that you were a bridegroom and twenty-three, and that the air was molten wine and honey mingled, and that this pig—but then, the matter is absurd! There is but one answer. It was right, indeed it was inevitable that Curly should shoot the pig; because in the first place it had intruded upon his pastime, and because in the second place he felt like it.

And yet over this act, this simple, inevitable act of justice, arose the first law case ever known in Heart's Desire, a cause which shook that community to the centre of its being, and for a time threatened its very continuance. Ah, well! perhaps the time had come. Perhaps the sun was now to set over all the valleys of Heart's Desire. Perhaps this was the beginning of the end. The law, they say, must have its course. It had its course in Heart's Desire.

But not without protest, not without struggle. There were two factions from the start. Strange to say, that most bitterly opposed to Curly was headed by no less a person than his own intended father-in-law, the man from Leavenworth. It was his pig. The rest of us had lived at Heart's Desire for a considerable time, but there had hitherto seemed no need for law. Order we already had in so far as order is really needed, though the importance of order, or indeed the importance of law, is a matter very much overrated. No man at Heart's Desire ever dreamed of locking his door. His horse might doze saddled in the street if he liked. No man spoke in rudeness or coarseness to his neighbor, as do men in the cities where they have law. No man did injustice to his neighbor, for fair play and an even chance were gods in the eyes of all, eikons above each pifion-burning hearth in all that valley of content. The speech of man was grave and gentle, the movements of man slow, easy and unhurried; neither did any man work by rule, or by clock, or by order. There was no such thing as want or hunger; for did temporary poverty encompass one, was there not always the house of Uncle Jim Brothers, and could not one there hang up his gun behind the door and so obtain credit for an indefinite length of time, entitling him to eat at table with his peers? Had there been such a thing as families in Heart's Desire, be sure such a thing as a woman or child labpring had been utterly unknown. It was a land of men, big, grave, sufficient men, each with a gun upon his hip, and sometimes two, guaranty of peace and calm and content. And any man who has ever lived in a Land Before the Law knows that this is the only fit way of life. Alas! that this scheme, this great, happy, simple, perfect scheme of society should be subverted. And, be it remembered, that this was by reason of nothing more than a pig, an artless, lissom pig, it is true; an infrequent, somewhat prized, a little petted and perhaps spoiled pig, it is true, yet, after all, no fit cause of elemental strife.

But now came this man from Leavenworth, fresh from litigious soil, bearing with him in his faded blue overcoat germs of civilization, seeds of discontent. He wailed aloud that the pride of the community, meaning this pig, which he had brought solitary in a box at the tail of the wagon when he moved in, was now departed; that there was naught left to distinguish this community from any other camp in the mountains; that the pig had been the light of his home, the apple of his eye, the pride of the community; that he had entertained large designs in connection with this pig the following fall; that its taking off was a shame, an outrage, a disgrace, an act utterly illegal, and one for which any man in Kansas would promptly have had the law of his neighbor.

Hitherto the "double roll," even in connection with a curly-tailed black pig, had not been considered actionable in Heart's Desire; but the outcry made by this man from Leavenworth, now the postmaster of the town and in some measure a leader in the meetings of the population, began to attract attention. It began to play upon the nicely attuned instrument of Public Spirit. What, asked the community gravely, was to separate Heart's Desire in the eye of Eastern capital, from any other camp in the far Southwest? Once the town could claim a pig, which no other camp of that district could do. Now it could do so no more forever. This began to put a different look upon the face of things.

"It seems like the ole man took it some hard," said Curly. "He don't seem to remember that I was due to be a member of the family right soon, same as the pig. I don't like to think I'm shy when it comes to comparison with a shoat. Gimme time, and I reckon I could take the place o' the pig in my new dad's affections. But I say deliberate that pigs has got no call to be in a cow country, not none, unless salted. Say, can't we salt this one? Then, who's the worse off for it? Say, what's all this furse about, anyway?"

"That's right, Curly," said Dan Anderson, who stood with hands in pockets and pipe in mouth leaning against the door-jamb in front of his "law office." "You have enunciated a great principle of law in that statement. They have got to prove damages. Moreover, you have got a counter claim. It's laceratin' to be compared to a shoat."

"And me just goin' to be married," said Curly.

"Sure, it ain't right."

"Anderson," said I, moving up to the group, "did you ever hear of such things as champerty or maintenance? The first thing you know you'll get disbarred for stirring up litigation."

"Keep away from my client," said Dan Anderson, grinning. "You're jealous of my professional success, that's all. Neither of us has had a case yet, and now that it looks like I was going to get one, you're jealous. Do you want to pass up the first lawsuit ever held in Donna Ana County? Come now, I'm bored to death. Let's have some fun."

Curly began to shift uneasily on his feet. His hat went still farther back on his red, kinky curls.

"Law!" said he. "Law! You don't mean——" For the first time in his life Curly grew pale. "Why, I'll clean out the hull bunch!" he said, the red surging back in his face and his hand instinctively going to his gun.

"No, you won't," said Dan Anderson. "Do you want to bust up your marriage with the girl from Kansas?"

"Sho!" said Curly, and fell thoughtful. "This looks bad," said he; "mighty bad." He sat down and began to sweat. I do not doubt that Dan Anderson at that moment was a disgrace to his profession, though later he honored it. He winked at me.

"Don't you tamper with my client," said he; and then resumed to Curly: "What you need is a lawyer. You've got to have legal advice. It happens that the full bar of Heart's Desire is now present talking to you. Take your pick. I've got a d——d good idea which is the best lawyer of this bar, but I wouldn't tell you for the world that I'm the one. Take your pick. Here's the whole legal works of the town, us two."

"Law!" said Curly. "Why—law—lawyers! Then who—say, now, I'll *pay* for the pig. I didn't mean nothin', no way."

Then Dan Anderson rose to certain heights. "You can't settle it that way," said he. "That's too easy. Oh, you can pay for the *pig* easy enough; but how about the majesty of the law? Where is the peace and dignity of the commonwealth to come in? This is criminal. Nope, you choose. You need a lawyer."

"You—you all got me locoed," said Curly nervously. "Law! Why, I don't want no law. There ain't never been no co'te set here. Down to the county-seat over in Lincoln County, that's all right; but here—why, they don't *want* no law here. Besides, I can't choose between you two fellers. I like you both. You're both white men. Ef you could rope and shoot better I could git either one of you a job punchin' any day, and thet's a heap better'n practicin' law. I couldn't make no choice between you fellers. Say, I'll hev you *both*." This with a sudden illumination of countenance.

"That would be unconstitutional," said Dan Anderson solemnly, "and against public policy as well. That would be cornering the whole legal supply of the community, Curly, and it wouldn't leave anybody for the prosecution."

"Sho!" said Curly. Then suddenly he added: "There's the old man. Don't you never doubt he'd prosecute joyful. And there never was a man from Kansas didn't know some law. Why, once, down on the Brazos——"

"He can't act as attorney-at-law," said Anderson. "He's never been admitted to the bar. Say, you flip a dollar."

The thought of chance-taking appealed to Curly. He flipped the dollar.

"Heads, me," said Dan Anderson; and so it fell. That young man smiled blithely. "We'll skin 'em, Curly," said he. "You'll be free as air in less'n a week."

"Now," said Dan Anderson to me, "it's all right thus far. Next we have got to get a Justice of the Peace, and then we've got to get the prisoner arrested."

"'Rested!" said Curly. "Who? Me?"

"Of course," drawled his newly constituted attorney. "Didn't you kill the pig? You just hang around for a little, for when we need you we don't want to have to hunt all over the county."

"All right," said Curly dubiously.

"Where's Blackman?" said Dan Anderson, again addressing me. "We have got to have a judge or we can't have any trial. Come on and let's hunt him up. Curly, don't you run away, mind. You trust to me, and I'll get you clear, and get you married, both."

"All right," said Curly again. "I'll jest sornter down to the Lone Star, and when you all want me I'll be in there, either takin' a drink or playin' a few kyards."

"Let's get Blackman now," said his lawyer. Blackman was the duly constituted Justice of the Peace in and for Heart's Desire. Nobody knew precisely when or how he had been elected, and perhaps indeed he never was elected at all. There must be a beginning for all things. The one thing certain as to Blackman was that he had once been a Justice of the Peace back in Kansas, which fact he had not been slow to announce upon his arrival in Heart's Desire. Perhaps from this arose the local custom of calling him Judge, and perhaps from his wearing the latter title arose the supposition that he really was a judge. The records are quite silent as to the origin of his tenure of office. The office itself, as has been intimated, had hitherto been one purely without care. At every little shooting scrape or other playfulness of the male population, Blackman, Justice of the Peace, became inflated with importance and looked monstrous grave. But nothing ever came of these little alarms, so that gradually the inflations grew less and less extensive. They might perhaps have ceased altogether had it not been for this malignant zeal of Dan Anderson, formerly of Princeton, and now come, hit or miss, to grow up with the country. Blackman was ever ready enough for a lawsuit, forsooth pined for one. Yet what could he do? He could not go forth and with his own hands arrest chance persons and hale them before his own court for trial. The sheriff, when he was in town, simply laughed at him and told his deputies not to mix up with anything except circuit court matters, murders, and more especially horse-stealings. Constable there was none; and policeman—well, one does wonder just a trifle what would have happened to any such thing as a policeman or town marshal in the valley of Heart's Desire! In short, there was neither judicial nor executive arm of the law in action. One may therefore realize the hindrances which Dan Anderson met in getting up his lawsuit. Yet he went forward in the attempt patiently, driven simply by ennui. He did not dream that he was doing something epochal.

Blackman, Justice of the Peace, was sitting in the office of the Golden Age when we found him, reading the exchanges and offering gratuitous advice to the editor. He was a short-ish man, thick both in body and in wits, with sparse hair and hay-colored, ragged mustache. His face was florid, his pale eyes protruded. He was a wise-looking man, excellently well suited in appearance for the office which he filled. We explained to him our errand. Gradually, as the sense of his own new importance dawned upon him, he began to swell, until he apparently assumed a bulk thrice that which he formerly possessed. His spine straightened rigidly; a solemn light came into his eye; a cough that fairly choked with wisdom echoed from his throat. It was a great day for Blackman, J. P.

"Do I know this man, this cowpuncher?" said he. "Of course I know him, blank him, and I know what he done, too. Such a high-handed act never ought to be tolerated, sir! Destroyin' property—why, a-destroyin' of life an' property, fer he killed the pig—and this new family o' citizens, dependin' in part on the pig fer their sustenances this comin' season; to say nuthin' of his nigh shooting me up as I was crossin' the street from the post-office! Try him! Why, o' *course* we ought to try him. What show have we got if we go on this lawless way? What inducement kin we offer Eastern capital to settle in our midst if, instead of bein' quiet and law-abidin', we go on a-rarin' and a-pitchin' and a-runnin' wide open, every man for hisself? What are we here for, you, and you, and me, if it ain't to set in trile over sech britches of the peace?"

"You're in," said Dan Anderson succinctly. "Get over to your 'dobe. We'll hold this trial right away. I guess all the boys'll know about it by this time. I'll go over and get the prisoner. But, hold on! He ain't arrested yet. Who'll serve the warrant? Pat Garrett (the sheriff) is down on the Hondo, and his deputy, Poe, is out of town. There ain't a soul here to serve a paper. Looks like the court was some rusty, don't it?"

"Warrant!" said the Justice, "Warrant! You don't need no warrant. Wasn't he seen a-doin' the act?"

"Oh, but it wasn't a real first-class felony," demurred Dan with some shade of conscience left.

"Well, I'll arrest him myself," said the Justice. "He's got to be brought to trile."

"Well, now," I ventured to suggest, "that doesn't look exactly right, either, since you are to try the case, Judge. It's legal, but it isn't etiquette."

Blackman scratched his head. "Maybe that's so," said he. Then turning to me, "'Spose you arrest him."

"He can't," said Dan Anderson. "He's the prosecuting attorney—only other lawyer in town. It wouldn't look right for either the judge or prosecutor to make the arrest. Curly might not like it." This all seemed true enough, and we fell into a quandary.

"I'll tell you," said Dan Anderson at length. "I'd better arrest him myself. I'm going to defend him, so it would look more regular for me to bring him in. Looks like he wasn't afraid of the verdict. We ain't, either. I want you to remember, Judge, if you don't clear him——"

Here I interrupted, feeling that the majesty of the law was not fully subserved by threatening the trial judge in advance.

"Well, come along, then," said Anderson. "Let that part of it go. Come over and let's get out the warrant."

I was not with them when the warrant was issued, though that part of the proceedings might naturally have seemed rather the duty of the prosecution than of the defense. Dan Anderson afterward told me that Blackman could not find his law book (he had only one, a copy of the statutes of Kansas) for a long time, and then couldn't find the proper place in it. Legal blanks did not exist in Heart's Desire, and all legal forms had departed from Blackman's mind in this time of excitement. Dan Anderson himself drew the warrant. As it was read later by himself to Curly at the Lone Star it did not lack a certain charm. It began with "Greeting," and ended with, "Now, therefore, in the name of God and the Continental Congress." Anderson did not crack a smile in reading it, and so far as that is concerned, the warrant worked as well as any and better than some. I would give much fine gold to get possession of that document to-day. It might amuse the constituents of the Honorable Daniel Anderson. Curly, because he felt that he was in the hands of his friends, made no special demurrer to the terms of the "writ," and in a few moments the Lone Star was empty and Blackman's adobe was packed.

"Order! order! gentlemen," called Blackman, Justice of the Peace, clearing his throat. "This honorable justice court is now in session. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

He was a little confused, but he meant well. It seemed incumbent upon the prosecutor to make some sort of a statement, but the attorney for the defense interposed. He moved for the discharge of the prisoner on the ground that there was no territorial law and no city ordinance violated; he intimated that the pig had perhaps been killed accidentally, or perhaps in self-defense; the prisoner was wrongfully restrained of his liberty, etc. The ire of Blackman, J. P., at this was something to behold. He to be deprived of his opportunity thus lightly? Hardly! He overruled all this at once and rapped loudly for order.

"The trile will go on," said he.

"Then, Your Honor," cried Dan Anderson, springing to his feet, "then I shall resort to the ancient bulwark of our personal liberties. I shall sue out a writ of habeas corpus, and take this prisoner out of custody. He is wrongfully restrained of his liberty. I will sue this court on its bond—I'll take a change of venue—we'll leave no stone unturned to set this innocent man free and restore him to the bosom of his family!"

This speech produced a great effect, as murmurs of approbation testified. The doughty Justice of the Peace was not, however, so easily to be reckoned with. He pointed out that there was no officer to serve a writ of habeas corpus; that the court had given no bond to anybody and did not propose to do so; that there was no other court to which to apply for a change of "vendew," as he termed it; and reiterated once more that the "trile must go on." The prosecution was, therefore, once more called upon to state the case. Again the attorney for the defense protested, a foreshadowing of his fighting-blood reddening his face.

"I call for a jury," said he. "Does this court suppose we are going to leave the liberty of this prisoner in the hands of a judge openly and notoriously prejudiced as to the facts of this case? I demand a trial by a jury of the defendant's peers."

Blackman reddened, but was game. "Jury goes," said he. "Count out twelve fellers there, beginnin' next the door."

"Twelve!" said Dan Anderson, for the moment almost losing his gravity. "I thought this court might be content with six for a justice's jury; but realizing the importance of this court we are willing to agree on twelve."

It was so agreed. The jury took in every man in the little room but three. "They'll do for a veniry," said Blackman, J. P., learnedly. Under the circumstances one can perhaps forgive him for becoming at times a trifle mixed as to legal proceedings.

At least, it was easy to agree as to the jury; for obviously all the population of the place was fully acquainted with all the facts in the case, and each one had freely expressed his opinion upon the one side or the other. There seemed to be no reason for excusing any juror for cause; and upon the other hand, there are often very good reasons in a Land Before the Law for not bringing up personal matters of this kind. Indeed, the trial judge settled all that. He looked over the twelve good men and true thus segregated, and remarked briefly, "They're his peers, all right. The trile will now proceed."

Whereupon he swore them solemnly and made a record in his fee-book, to the later consternation of his jurors. "Ain't this court a notary, too?" said Blackman later. "And ain't a notary entitled to so much fee for administerin' a oath? And didn't I administer twelve oaths?" There was small answer to this, after all. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and Blackman really labored in this case as in all likelihood few justices ever did before or since.

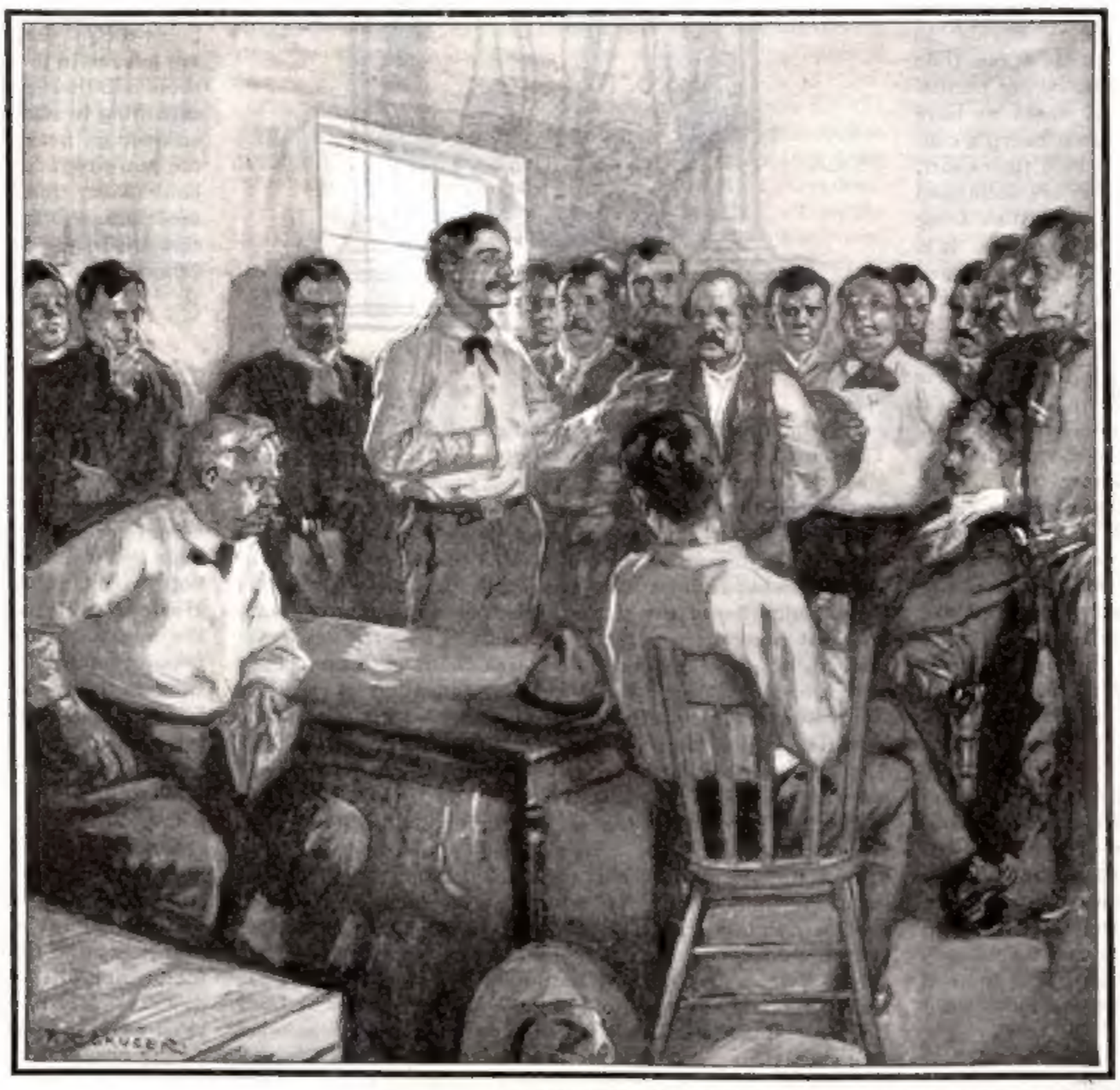
The prosecuting attorney, who, it may be seen, held his office much as did the justice of the peace, by the doctrine of *nemine contradicente*, now arose and made the opening statement. There was some doubt as to whether this was a civil or criminal trial, but there was no doubt whatever of the existence of a trial of some kind; neither did there exist any doubt as to the importance of this, the first case the prosecuting attorney had ever tried, outside of moot courts. It was the first speech he had ever made in public, barring college "orations," carefully memorized, and an occasional Fourth of July speech which might have been better for more memorizing. The attorney for the prosecution, however, arose to the occasion—at least to a certain extent. He spoke in low and feeling tones of the struggling little community of hardy souls thus set down apart in the far-off mountain country of the West; of its trials, its hopes, its ambitions, of its expectations of becoming a mountain emporium which should be the

pride of the entire territory; he went on to mention the necessity for law and order, pointing out the danger to the public interests of the community which must lie in a general reputation for ruffianism and lawlessness, showing how Eastern capital must ever be timid in visiting a town of such reputation, apart from investing any money therein; then, changing to the personal phases of the case, he spoke of the absolute disregard of law shown in the act charged, mentioned the red-handed deed of this lawless and dangerous person who had thus slain a pig, no less the pride of the community than the idol of the family now bereft.

At this point the jury began to look much perturbed and solemn and the prisoner very red and uneasy. Prosecution closed by offering to prove all charges by competent testimony. This latter was a dangerous proposition to advance. We could not well ask the jurymen to testify, and of the "veniry," more than half had now slipped out for a hurried and excited visit at the Lone Star, there to advise their countrymen of what was going on at Blackman's adobe.

Counsel for the defense arose calmly to make his opening statement. My heart leaped when I saw Dan Anderson then. In a flash I saw the success which later was to be his in the forensic arena. The man was a natural criminal lawyer. It was simply destiny which had driven him into this comedy, this little farce of his own arrangement. He had merely longed to be at his art, at his profession, had simply longed to be using the weapons which he felt ready in his hands. It was not comedy now, when Dan Anderson arose and faced judge and jury here in Blackman's adobe. It was the gravity of the Law which sat upon his face and which was reflected to the soul of every man there present. There came a swift, sudden chill, a gripping as of iron, a darkening, a shrinking of the heart of each man in that little room. It was the coming of the Law! Ah! Dan Anderson, you ruined our little paradise; and now its walls are down forever, even the walls of our city of content, in the golden valley of Heart's Desire.

Dan Anderson stood, young, tall and grave, one hand in the bosom of his shirt, for hardly one present wore a coat. His posture was calm, self-possessed, easy, graceful. He had his audience with him before he spoke. When he began he caught them the tighter to his cause, using not merely flowing rhetoric of speech, but the close-knit, advancing, upbuilding argument of a man able to "think on his feet," that higher sort of oratory which is most convincing with an American audience or an American jury. And they who listened knew vaguely that a new influence had now come to Heart's Desire, and that the advocate thereof, its proper apostle, was now speaking to them in the person of this man, who but a day before had seemed a mere boy.



HE HAD HIS AUDIENCE WITH HIM BEFORE HE SPOKE

The statement of the prosecution, said Dan Anderson, was on the whole a fair one, and no discredit to the learned brother making it. In any case at law there must perforce be two sides, that of prosecution and that of defense. It was the duty of prosecution to so specify and to prove if possible wherein the law of the land or of the community had been violated. None would more readily than himself yield acquiescence to the statement that law and order must prevail; that here, in this little community, the old ways must cease, and the course of the ancient social compact set on, as in the older communities of the world. Without law there could be nothing but anarchy, and under anarchy progress was at an end. The individual must give up something of his rights to the state and the community. He gave up a certain amount of liberty, but received therefor an equivalent in protection, in the support of the whole community, so long as he observed that law which was the expressed will of all; the united and joint judgment of all as to what was right and just. Under the social compact each man might feel that he was not alone, but that with him were many brothers, ready to protect him, his family, his property, which otherwise must fall to any who might by force possess himself thereof. The law was, therefore, no oppressor, no monster, no usurer, no austere being, reaping where it had not sown. The law was nothing to be dreaded, nothing to be feared; and indeed, upon the other hand, it was nothing to be scorned. To prosecute offenses was no disgrace; it was a duty.

There must be a beginning, continued Anderson, laying another premise for his argument. There must be something established. The pound measure was one pound, the same all over the country; a yard measure was a yard, and there was no guesswork about it. It was the same. It was a unit. So with the law. It must be the same, a unit, soulless, unfeeling, just, unchangeable. There must be no guesswork about it. There must be no mutability in that principle which took hold of the very gates of Heaven and placed itself brother and kin to Him in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. By the united will, the joint consent, the recorded joint consent of the entire social body in regard to certain specific and easily recognizable acts, the attitude of the law was thus or so, and not otherwise. It was not subject to change. Very well. This was the law and it was right. It was not for the individual to pass upon any of these questions. It was for the courts to do so, the approved machinery set aside, under the social compact, for reducing the friction of the wheels of society, for securing the permanency of things beneficial to that society, and for removing things injurious thereto. The Law itself was immutable. It was right, because the ultimate spirit of fair play had said that it was right. The courts must administer that Law without malice, without feeling, impersonally, justly.

In so far as there had hitherto been no Law in Heart's Desire, went on the speaker, thus far had our citizens dwelt in barbarism, had indeed been unfit, under the very definition of things, to bear the proud title of citizen of America, the justest, the most order-loving, as well as the bravest and the most aggressive nation of the world. The time had now come for the establishment in this community of the Law, that beneficent agency of progress, that indispensable factor, that inseparable attendant upon civilization. Upon the sky should blaze no more the red riot of anarchy and barbarism. Upon the summit of the noble mountain overtopping this happy valley there should sit no more the grinning figure of malevolent and unrestrained vice, but the pure form of the blind Goddess of Justice, holding ever aloft over this happy land the unfaltering sword and the unwavering scales, so that all might look thereon, the rightdoers in smiling security, the wrongdoing in terror of their deed. This was the Law.

"And now, gentlemen of this jury," said Dan Anderson, "I stand here before you to make no excuses for this Law, to palliate nothing in the way of its workings, to set no tentative or temporizing date for the time of the arrival at this place of the image of the Law. I say to you here to-day, at this hour, that image now sits there enthroned above us. The Law is not to come. It has come! It is here! We are in its holy presence, before its sacred altar, which no man may violate. Every one of us here, attorney, juryman, witness, is a servant in this temple of the Law; the servant of this court, who in turn is the servant of the Law; which in turn is the servant of the people of America; who, thank God! are the absolute slaves of the undying principles of justice and fair play."

The old days were, therefore, done, he went on. Henceforth we must observe the Law. We were here now with the intention of observing that Law. Should we therefore fear it? Should we dread the decision of this distinguished servant of the Law? By no means. To show that the Law was no dragon, no demon, he would now, in the very face of that Law, in the very face of the full severity of that Law, proceed to clear this innocent man of that cloud of doubt and suspicion which for a brief moment the social body had cast upon him—not in malice, but only in a desire for the good of all. He would show to the gentlemen of this jury and to this honorable court that there had been no violation of the Law through any act of his client, this honest, open-faced, intelligent young gentleman, long known among them as an upright and fair-dealing man. The Law, just, exact, would now protect this prisoner, just as it would assure these others of the social body that they, too, had had protection. The pound was a pound. The yard was a yard. The Law was the Law. It was no matter of guesswork. If the lawmakers representing us all had failed to set down certain stipulations, it was not for us now and here to seek to remedy that lack. We must not seek to be judge and jury and legislator, each for himself. We must take the Law as we found it. Otherwise we destroyed all the intent and purpose of that Law, and left ourselves utterly without protection, naught but barbarians, after all. This was no case in equity. This judge could not do merely what he supposed was right. He must do what the Law told him to do; and if he did not, the Law would punish him for his failure to do so. The prosecution must, therefore, show that some specific article of the Law had been violated. The State must show from competent testimony that an act of transgression, specific, unmistakable, had been committed. We must not suppose, or guess, or believe that perhaps it might have been committed. We must know that it had been committed, and at the time and place charged, and by the person accused. If there were any doubt as to the testimony, any shadow of wavering in its fabric, it must be shown that there was a reasonable motive for this act charged, at the specific time and place charged. There must be no guessing at that. The Law did not deal in hit-or-miss. It took no chances. In its greatness of love and charity and kindness, in its transcendent hope that each and every man was innocent, in its wish that each and every man should have that freedom and personal liberty which made the dearest birthright given to humanity, the Law demanded that the social body should hold this man untainted, pure and innocent, until by such absolute proof he had been shown specifically guilty. It was not for the defense to take the first step in this matter. The burden of proof must lie upon the prosecution. His client was innocent until the prosecution had advanced and made its proof. Upon the failure of that attempt he would still remain innocent, uninjured, untainted, free.

"Now," continued Dan Anderson, casting an eye about him as calmly as could have done any old trial lawyer examining the condition of his jury, "what are the charges made by the State? That the law of the Territory has been violated? The prosecution specifies no section or paragraph of the statutes of this Territory holding it unlawful to shoot any dangerous wild beast at large in this community. We do not admit that our client shot anything, or shot at anything whatever. We shall prove that at the time mentioned he was engaged in a simple, harmless and useful pastime, a pastime laudable of itself, since it tends to make the participant therein a better and more useful citizen. We reserve our defense as to those heads pending a review of the evidence which shall have been introduced by the State. You will agree with me that it is beneath contempt to think that for a single moment any human life has been in danger from any act, any innocent, unmalicious act of this good young man who thus sits before you under the stigma of a vague and unspecified crime. There is no territorial law forbidding any act which he is here charged with committing. Neither has the body social in this thriving community placed upon its records any local law, any indication that a man may not do without let or hindrance any act such as those charged vaguely against this good young man, who has only availed himself

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The Money Kings of the World

Pretenders and Rois Fainéants

By William T. Stead

THIS series of articles would be incomplete if it were exclusively devoted to those genuine Money Kings of the modern world of finance. In the world of finance as in the political world we have Pretenders who pose as the genuine rulers, but sooner or later come to ignominious collapse, and millionaires who are *rois fainéants*, do-nothing monarchs, mere King Logs in the financial world. In England there have been several, and in Russia at one time the False Dmitri almost succeeded in establishing permanently his claim to rule; so in the financial world we have pretenders to sovereignty, men who for a season usurp a controlling position in the money market. They hold their court, they have their parasites and flatterers, and they are acclaimed in all the newspapers as veritable monarchs; and then some fine day the smash comes and they are seen no more. It is unfortunate that of late years England has produced no Money King of the genuine breed, but as if to make up for this deficiency she has produced an exceptional number of pseudo-kings, adventurers who came from nothing and returned thither, but who made a more or less meteoric display of their capacity for swindling the public. The Swindler King is a variety with which the investing public is only too familiar. He is sometimes a thief pure and simple who escapes imprisonment merely because his stealings are done on such a large scale that the very magnitude of his larcenies secures him immunity. There are others who cannot be said to be swindlers inasmuch as they do not intentionally deceive the public. They began by deceiving themselves, and in all honesty and sincerity of purpose they succeeded in inducing multitudes of their fellow-men to invest millions in worthless securities in the full conviction that they were playing the part of great philanthropists in making the fortunes of all their friends. The most remarkable of the latter type was undoubtedly John Law, of the great Mississippi Bubble, which about two hundred years ago made him the Money King of Old France. We have had no one in later years who could compare with John Law. That enterprising Scotchman cornered a whole realm, and the King made him practically supreme over the national exchequer. Nearly all pseudo-kings go up like a rocket only to come down like the stick, and John Law was no exception. In three years he had soared to the zenith and had fallen out of sight. Yet, although the craze in which he rose to such astounding notoriety cost the public millions, Law himself profited nothing by their folly, and died some years afterward in Venice little better than a beggar.

The King Pin of the Pretenders

It has been noticed as a curious fact that in the United States the financial genius who founds a great fortune does so usually upon a solid basis, and while founding his own dynasty contributes at the same time to the prosperity and development of the community. He may exact too large a profit or toll from the public for his services, but he renders services. Even the predatory monopolist who bribes aldermen to betray the public trust by handing over the street franchises for a mere song or for mere boodle, does build the street railway and operates it for the benefit of the public as well as for his own profit. In England for many years we have not witnessed any sudden rise of great fortunes with the possible exception of Sir Thomas Lipton, whose fortune, however, was not made in finance; but we have had a succession of pseudo-kings who for the time being have played the part of reigning financiers for a short season. Of these men we have had five examples. The first was the German Gottheimer, who made a great fortune and lost it under the name of Baron Grant. After Grant came Mr. Jabez Balfour, of the Liberator Building Society, who at the height of his glory sat in Parliament, and who in the depths of his disgrace was consigned to a convict prison. He is notable as being the only one of these pseudo-kings who was actually clapped into jail. The others all escaped any other punishment than that of standing in the pillory of the bankruptcy court or of being gibbeted in the public press.

The third was Mr. Bottomley, who figured as a small Pierpont Morgan in his way, with a craze for amalgamating concerns; but unlike Mr. Morgan he had no millions at his back, and the companies which he amalgamated for the most part gained nothing by amalgamation and lost a great deal. The fourth, and one of the most extraordinary types, was Mr. Hooley, the company promoter, whose financial methods were as crude as they were daring, and whose phenomenal success was one of the great city scandals of the last century. Finally we have as the latest specimen Mr. Whitaker Wright, the promoter whose affairs have been for the last two years under the examination of the courts. Each of these contemporary financial pretenders pursued his ends in his own particular method, but there are certain features common to all. They were none of them men of culture, education or position. Apart from their capacity to impose upon the credulity of the investing public none of them had any exceptional ability. The methods by which all rose to their temporary notoriety were substantially the same.

The late Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell, of Killowen, took occasion a year or two before his death to set forth in an address to the newly elected Lord Mayor a statement of the methods by which the fraudulent company promoter obtained great wealth without either honest toil or honest endeavor; he mentioned no names—nor was it necessary. Neither do I suggest that any of the men whom I have named adopted any or all of the methods stigmatized by Lord Russell. But it was in the world of such company promoters they made their pile. He described the methods by which such men rose to the possession of riches under four heads. First, the promoter would secure a property honestly worth $500,000. A flaming prospectus would then be drawn up putting an extravagant estimate upon the value of the property and securing credence for the assertions of the prospectus by printing certain well-known names of peers, members of Parliament, and others as members of the board of directors. These directors, whose names are accepted by the public as a guarantee of the honesty of the company and the bona-fide nature of the property offered to them for sale, are men who for the most part sell their names for money down, and become thereby accomplices in the fraud practiced upon the public. The same methods are employed in the second class of frauds mentioned by the Lord Chief Justice. The second class differs from the first, inasmuch as in the first case the promoter has a really valuable property to dispose of, although it may be worth only a quarter or one-fifth of the price at which he offers it to the public. In the second class the property itself is purely imaginary. Lord Russell mentioned one case in which property on the West Coast of Africa was said to have been sold for $240,000. There was no property in existence for which any such sum had been paid, but an agent who was sent to the West Coast to examine into the matter reported that there was a piece of property which had been bought for $700 from a native chief which bore some resemblance to that described in the prospectus. In another case a promoter bought a business for $3000. He then put it on the market and sold it to a credulous public for $380,000.

The third method of fraud is that of allotting shares when an insufficient capital has been subscribed, the promoter taking possession of the money, and the directors who are his creatures issuing debentures. The company then buys largely from unsuspecting creditors who know nothing of the debentures. When difficulties come the debenture holders sweep off every stick that belongs to the company, and the creditors are left without a remedy. The fourth and last method mentioned by Lord Russell was where one man consents to convert his business into a limited liability company. He takes payment in debentures. The company then runs into debt, the original founder, who is the debenture holder, holds the property, and when they stop payment the creditors are left out in the cold. The Lord Chief Justice declared that these nefarious practices of the company promoter entailed, according to statistics furnished him by the Official Receiver, an average net loss to the public of $20,000,000 a year. In the years 1891-'97 $28,000,000 had been lost either by shareholders or creditors owing to one or another of these descriptions of fraud in companies which had been wound up compulsorily. How much had been lost in cases in which the Official Receiver did not intervene no one knows.

The Stock-in-Trade of the Promoter

The stock-in-trade of the fraudulent promoter who aspires to be a Money King in the London market is very simple. He needs unlimited assurance and implicit belief in the gullibility of the public, and the capacity to divine what kind of bait the public will rise to most greedily. Given these qualities and the necessary minimum of money to enable him to make a start there is no reason why he should not succeed for at least two or three years. They nearly all act in the same way both in the raising of money and the spending of it. Mr. Hooley frankly avowed that nearly everything depended upon the first page of his prospectus. If it was garnished with popular names and had an attractive appearance the money came in freely enough, especially if the newspaper press had been induced to sound the praises of the new investment in the form of a series of judicious paragraphs paid for directly or indirectly before the stock was offered to the public. It is all very like the proceedings in the thieves' kitchen, in which peers, baronets, and men holding names well known in society consent for money down to join hand in hand with needy pressmen and unscrupulous financial editors who conspire, the one by lending their names, the other by lending their pens, to lure the investing public into the toils of the company promoter, who recognizes the buying of titled directors and the bribing of a venal press to be the essential factors of his success. Mr. Hooley once bought an Earl for $125,000 down to serve on the board of directors of a company which he was promoting, and according to his own statements made in court he spent $750,000 in propitiating the press. Mr. Hooley did this in a naked and unashamed fashion which gave considerable scandal. He posed as a shining light of the Conservative party, and paid a Conservative baronet, who at one time had been Judge Advocate General, the sum of $50,000 to secure his election to the Carlton Club. He subscribed $50,000 to the election funds of the Carlton Club. In return for his liberality Mr. Hooley said he was promised a safe seat in Parliament, but this did not content his soaring ambition. He wanted to be made a Jubilee baronet and sent a check for $250,000 to the Conservative party organization, in the firm belief that the money being paid down the baronetcy would be given him in due course. This crude method of procedure, however, caused the gorge of the Conservatives to rise, and Mr. Hooley's check was returned.

As all these pseudo-kings make their money freely so they spend it with a lavish hand. Baron Grant built a house which was the talk of London. He laid out Leicester Square as a public garden, and in the centre erected a statue to Shakespeare. Mr. Hooley's distribution of money was on an equally lavish scale. He lived at the rate of £10,000 a year, and gave away four times that amount. His penchant was to endow churches, and he created no small scandal by presenting St. Paul's Cathedral with gold communion plate to the value of $7500. Mr. Whitaker Wright, the latest of the pseudo-kings who have attained notoriety, lives like a great noble at his country-seat at Lee Park, in the County of Surrey. Mr. Whitaker Wright's companies have been in the bankruptcy court, but he himself has managed to escape bankruptcy. Mr. Hooley is an undischarged bankrupt, but he lives in luxury at Papworth Hall in the Midlands, where he is the impecunious guest of his wife, who in the days of his fleeting prosperity seems somehow to have come into the possession of considerable property.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth article in a series of eight by Mr. Stead on the Money Kings of the World.

The precise sum which the public lost by the ascendency of these adventurers cannot be accurately ascertained. Baron Grant, with his Emma Mine and other enterprises of a similar nature, is said to have cost the investing public about $20,000,000. In the Liberator smash the unfortunate investors, most of them people in very poor circumstances, who had put their little all into the building society managed by Balfour, lost $10,000,000. As to the loss suffered through Mr. Hooley, between 1894 and 1898 he promoted fifteen cycle companies and nine other corporations with a nominal capital of $90,000,000. He bought these concerns for $45,000,000. He then converted them into new corporations, selling them to the stockholders for $70,000,000. His gross profit was $25,000,000, but according to the statement made by the Official Receiver, the promotion expenses swallowed up $5,000,000, and $20,000,000 was lost in selling shares at a discount and buying at a premium to deliver on contracts, together with payments made to other persons who had a share in the profits. The net result of the promotion of these companies was a loss of $445,000.

The case of Mr. Whitaker Wright deserves special attention because of the light which it sheds upon the practical working of British institutions. It is the peculiar distinction of Mr. Whitaker Wright that his financial operations have been made the subject of an exhaustive official report which sets forth in plain and unmistakable terms the nature and the extent of his operations. Yet when the Attorney-General was appealed to to instruct the Public Prosecutor to take proceedings against Mr. Wright he refused to move. Why? That is the question which every one is asking. In default of any official information rumor is busy with all manner of stories, which are passed from one gossip to another in the city until they attain the most extravagant proportions. The almost universal belief in England is that Mr. Wright involved too many people of the Smart Set in his operations for the Government to dare to institute a public prosecution. That he influenced the press is admitted. That he allowed many needy people in society a share is loudly asserted, but this in itself would hardly suffice to explain the inaction of the Government; hence people say, as they always do whenever anything is hushed up, "the Court is in it." So far as the King is concerned the report is as baseless as the equally persistent rumor that the South African inquiry was hushed up in order to conceal the King's share in the financial speculations preceding the Jameson Raid. The story goes that the King received £10,000 in order to induce the Marquis of Dufferin to become chairman of Mr. Wright's ill-fated company. Of this there is not a particle of evidence and it seems to be a lie on the face of it. Much more persistent and much less improbable is the story that Mr. Wright succeeded in compromising another member of the Royal family, who has a country-seat near Mr. Wright's, by allowing him to "stand in" with one of the many deals by which Mr. Whitaker Wright enriched his friends at the expense of the public. Rumor asserts that the name of a certain Royal Duke is to be found on the books of the bankrupt company, and other gossips profess to know that the profit of the Royal Duke in question amounted to not less than two hundred thousand dollars. Whatever truth or untruth there may be in these rumors they are greedily swallowed by the public.

It is some relief to turn from these pretending Money Kings who are accorded such strange immunity in Great Britain to British Money Kings of another order, the "Do-Nothing Kings." These millionaires are so far from swaying any sceptre that they are hardly known to exist until they die and their estates become chargeable with death duties. We hear comparatively little about millionaires in England, but they are numerous enough, as the statistics prove. Last year there were five estates which paid death duties on more than $5,000,000 each; the total value of their estates amounted to nearly $50,000,000. Of the five men whose estates in 1892 were reported more than $5,000,000 each, not one was a man of political importance. Lord Fitz William, who headed the list with an estate valued at nearly $15,000,000, had as a peer a seat in the House of Lords, and as a great landowner exercised considerable local influence in places where his property lay, but was absolutely a cipher in the great world of politics or finance. The same might be said of the second in the list, an old Greek merchant of the name of Vagliano, who died worth $14,000,000, but whose very existence was almost unknown to the public until the extent of his fortune was printed in the papers. The third, Mr. Sutton, who left $10,000,000 to be spent in the improvement of the houses of the working-classes, made all his money as a carrier of parcels, or what would be called in America a founder of an express company. He was a useful man as a carrier, and his money will be spent in the erection of model dwellings, but in society or in politics he was an absolute nonentity. The fourth millionaire who died this year was a rubber merchant of the name of Dick; he amassed a fortune of $5,000,000 in Glasgow, but despite his wealth he does not seem to have wielded any local influence, and in politics he was a cipher. And so we might go through the list. The English millionaires who make their money in trade or manufactures are for the most part men of little or no imagination and no ambition beyond that of amassing wealth. Sometimes they enter Parliament, but no millionaire in the House of Commons, with one or two exceptions, has been so influential as plain John Burns, the labor member for Battersea. One of those exceptions, almost the only millionaire who attained Cabinet rank, was W. H. Smith, who began life little better than a newsboy and who established a monopoly for supplying newspapers on the great English railways, and he died a Cabinet Minister, leaving behind him a fortune of nearly $9,000,000. In the last fifteen years eighteen millionaires' estates exceeding $10,000,000 paid toll to the Exchequer. The total value of these eighteen estates was $216,000,000. Three were members of the House of Lords, two were foreign Barons, three were Americans, but none of them could be said to have been other than a *roi fainéant* as far as his money was concerned. Mr. Smith wielded political power which he would never have gained had he been a poor man, but his wealth alone would never have made him leader of the House of Commons.

The British millionaire is an unobtrusive person for the most part. South Africa with its gold and diamonds has produced several Money Kings of a different stamp from those who make their money within the United Kingdom. Barney Barnato, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Beit are all potentates of a different order. Barnato is dead; Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Beit if he lives, will probably be more potent in settling the future of the Transvaal than Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Milner. But Mr. Beit was reared in the school of Mr. Rhodes, and he has succeeded to a part of his inheritance.

It is characteristic of these steady-going, stolid British millionaires that they are a long-lived race; the possession of great wealth seems distinctly favorable to longevity. It is not the case with the genuine Money King who rules as well as reigns. Hirsch, Barney Barnato and Rhodes all died at a comparatively early age, but the average life of the British millionaires of the steady-going variety who concentrate their attention upon making their pile, and leave other people to do the ruling, is from seventy to seventy-five years of age.

The result, from this very imperfect survey of a field full of interesting facts, is that the United Kingdom is much less fertile in the production of Money Kings than the United States. Possibly the English, having a real Royal family, are indifferent to the millionaire kingship. Mr. Rhodes used to dream of a mission to millionaires, which was to result in the pooling of those great aggregations of wealth in one joint fund, the annual interest of which was to be devoted to the promotion of great political ideas. His missionaries would certainly have had a tough task before them in tackling the British millionaire of the average stamp. Sir William Harcourt probably took a safer and certainly a more direct road to the utilization of the accumulated wealth of the British Money Kings when he carried the law imposing heavy death duties upon the estates of the rich. In Great Britain the death duties, as they are called, yield to the Exchequer the sum of $90,000,000 every year—that is to say, the State appropriates at death for the use of the nation at large a sum equivalent to ninety fortunes of one million dollars each. The death duties have become one of the sheet-anchors of the Exchequer. Contrary to the many lugubrious vaticinations, this tax does not seem to have impaired in the least the instinct of the moneyed classes to accumulate wealth.

A ROYAL PLAYWRIGHT

By Vance Thompson

THE TRIALS OF HIS COLLABORATION WITH LEONCAVALLO THE COMPOSER

THE Emperor of Germany, tired of playing an operatic rôle chosen for him by ancestral stage managers, recently wrote an opera. By chance I know all about it; indeed, with a critical eye I scanned the Imperial first and second acts; they are very good, too—tremendously theatrical. The Emperor took Roland for his hero—that paladin of the court of Charlemagne—the famous hero of mediæval chivalry. He chose Leoncavallo to compose the music. Unquestionably Leoncavallo is the foremost operatic composer of our day. So the Emperor did well. This great man is about five feet four in height and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds. He is not fat; he is simply big and muscular. When he is seated he looks like a middle-aged giant—with his square shoulders, his huge mustache and his big head; when he stands up you look down to see what has become of his legs.

He came to Paris for a week's respite from Roland, leaving the wife and babies at their home in Italy. He spent the week with an American friend in Auteuil. Of course the Parisians breakfasted and dined him. He lunched with Gaillard, the manager of the Opera House, one day; that night the composers and musicians of Paris had arranged a banquet at which he was to be the guest of honor. The luncheon lasted a long time. At four o'clock Leoncavallo said: "Excuse me, I must go up to Auteuil and dress for the banquet."

Gaillard took him to the station and put him on the little train which runs in a circle round Paris, stopping at Auteuil as it stops everywhere else. And the train started; it stopped and went on—always the trainmen shouted vague names of stations; Leoncavallo sat still and the little train ran on; it dipped into tunnels and crept under streets; it went round and round Paris—stopping every now and then at Auteuil. After two hours of this riding in a ring, the composer lost patience and got out. As luck would have it he found himself at the station he had started from—so he took a cab and came up pell-mell to Auteuil.

"I've only time to shave and dress," he said to the lady of the house.

"Oh, but there are some telegrams for you," she explained; "I laid them here on the table."

Leoncavallo read one of them—it was from his wife. Another was from his publisher in Milan. These he answered. Suddenly he roared aloud. The harmless Americans who did not know what a composer was, and were drinking mild tea in the adjoining room, came rushing in. Leoncavallo held a blue telegraph slip in one hand and was tearing his hair with the other.

"I won't put up with it," he shouted; "he has telegraphed me again—the same thing—about the second act! I won't stand it even from an Emperor! I told him once—go away, let me answer this telegram in peace—go away!"

The Americans went meekly away and drank their tea. Only the man of the house lingered.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"That scene in the second act—the Emperor has telegraphed again—he can't change it now—— Now get out and let me answer this telegram. I'll speak my mind once for all. He may be the Emperor of Germany, but I am Leoncavallo. Go away—let me answer this!"

The man of the house went away and drank tea; time passed—just as it does in historical novels; it was seven o'clock; it was half-past seven—always the composer kept on composing his telegram to his Imperial collaborator. A quarter of eight. Suddenly Leoncavallo stormed into the tea-room, waving a sheet of letter-paper.

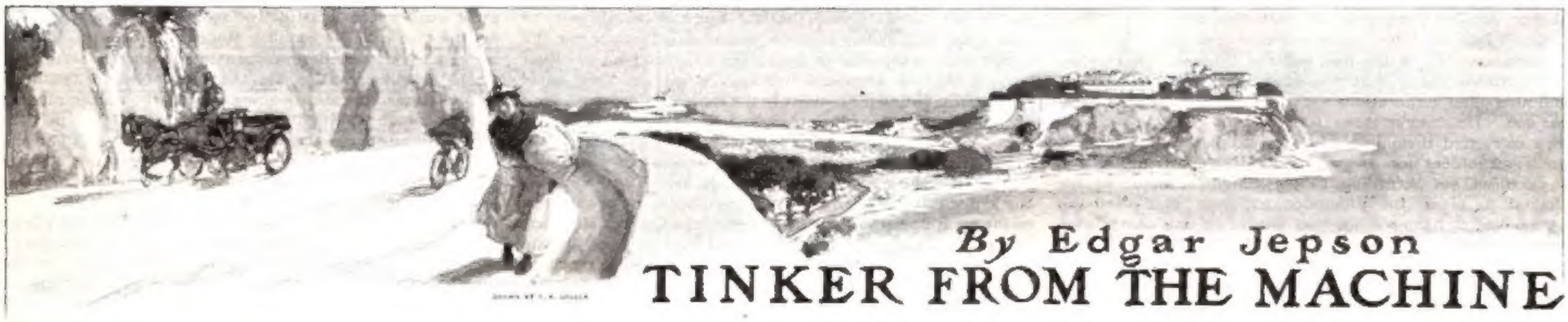
"That will answer him," he said grimly. "Only two days ago I told him the same thing—but this will settle it. Where's the nearest telegraph office? At the corner?"

Hatless and fierce the great composer rushed out without waiting for an answer. Then the lady of the house asked the man of the house what it was all about, and when he told her she said:

"You idiots! That wasn't a new telegram—it's the one he got when he first came—I put it on the table because I thought he might want to keep it as a souvenir."

So the hatless host ran after the hatless composer and caught him just as he was sending off the telegram. He explained matters and dragged the excited musician home again—so perhaps, after all, he is the real author of the Roland which the Emperor Wilhelm and Leoncavallo would doubtless claim as their own.

THE ADMIRABLE TINKER



By Edgar Jepson

TINKER FROM THE MACHINE

"I've been thinking it over," said Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh with a very serious air, "and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to get Elsie a governess."

"My dear Tinker," said his father, "if you add to our household at your present rate, I foresee myself buying a caravan and traversing Europe in state."

"Like a circus," said Tinker brightening. "It would be great fun—for a while. I think," he added thoughtfully, "that I could brighten Europe up a bit."

"I do not doubt it," said Sir Tancred politely.

"Well, you see, sir, it's like this," said Tinker. "When I adopted Elsie you said I was to take all the responsibility, and I think I ought to look after her education; it's no good adopting sisters by halves."

"You are right, of course," said Sir Tancred. "But I'm sorry for you. For a boy of twelve your knowledge of the things taught by governesses is small. Your spelling, now: it is—shall we say phonetic?"

"I don't think a gentleman ought to spell too well, any more than he ought to speak French with too good an accent," said Tinker firmly.

"There's a good deal in what you say," said Sir Tancred. "But I'm afraid that when Elsie has learnt geography—say the position of Schleswig-Holstein and Roumania and Leeds, and other such places to which we should never dream of going, she might look down on you for knowing only the towns on the great railways of Europe and America."

"She might. But I don't think she's like that, though of course with a girl you never can tell. I think it's more likely she would want to teach me where they are. But she ought to be educated, and I must chance it."

"Well, if you ought, you must," said Sir Tancred. "But one thing I do beg of you: do not have her taught the piano—the barrel organ if you like; but not the piano."

"No; I won't. A piano would be so awkward to move about—it would want a van to itself."

"I was thinking rather of the peculiar noises it makes in the hands of the inexperienced," said Sir Tancred.

"I know," said Tinker in a tone of genuine sympathy.

Tinker went to Elsie, whom he had left in the gardens of the Casino, and told her that his father had given him leave to get her a governess. They had already talked over the matter at length; but on hearing that it was so near accomplishment her face fell, and she said: "Don't—don't you think I ought to help choose her?"

"It wouldn't be regular," said Tinker firmly.

After *déjeuner* he caught a train to Nice, and went straight to Madame Butler, that stay of those who seek maids, companions, nurses or governesses on the Riviera. He sent in his card, and was straightway ushered into the office where she received her clients. She was sitting at a desk, and by one of the windows sat a very pretty young lady who looked as if she were waiting to interview a possible employee. A certain surprise showed itself on the face of Madame Butler; she had plainly expected a client of more mature years.

Tinker bowed and sat down.

"You wished to see me—on business?" said Madame Butler with some hesitation.

"Yes," said Tinker. "I want a governess for my sister—my adopted sister. I'm responsible for her, and I've decided that she must be educated. I told my father, Sir Tancred Beauleigh, and he gave me leave to get her a governess. So I came to you."

"Yes," said Madame Butler, smiling; "and what kind of a governess do you want?"

The pretty young lady, who had been regarding Tinker with smiling interest, turned away with the proper delicacy and looked out of the window. Tinker's face wore a very serious, almost anxious air. "I've worked it out carefully," he said. "Elsie's ten years old, two years younger than I am, and there is no need for her governess to have degrees or certificates or that kind of thing; she will only have to teach her to write nicely and do sums, not fractions, of course; useful sums, and some needlework, and look after her when I'm not about. So I want a lady, young and English; and I should like her to be a bit of a sportswoman, don't you know? I mean," he added in careful explanation, "I should like her to be cheerful and good-natured, and not fussy about the things that really don't matter."

"I think I know the kind of governess you want," said Madame Butler. She ran her eye over two or three pages of her ledger, and added, "But I'm very much afraid that I haven't one of that kind on my books at present."

"That's a pity," said Tinker. "Must I wait long?"

"I'm afraid so. People chiefly want ladies with certificates and degrees, so the others don't offer themselves."

The pretty young lady turned from the window with the quickness of one suddenly making up her mind.

"How should I do?" she said in a charming voice.

Madame Butler turned toward her quickly with raised eyebrows, but said nothing. Tinker turned, too, and his face lighted up with an angelic smile. He looked at the pretty young lady carefully, and then at the pretty young lady's tailor-made gown, and the smile faded out of his face.

"I'm afraid," he said sorrowfully, "you would be too expensive."

"What salary were you thinking of giving?" she said with a brisk, businesslike directness.

"Thirty pounds a year," said Tinker; and then he added hastily: "Of course it's very little; but really the work would be quite light, and we should try to make things pleasant for her."

"But surely, for a governess without certificates, that's a very good salary. Isn't it, Madame Butler?"

"It is, indeed," said Madame.

"It can't be, really," said Tinker. "But I suppose people are mean."

"Well, it would satisfy me," said the pretty young lady. "But unfortunately I'm an American, and you want an Englishwoman."

"I only don't want a foreigner," said Tinker. "I should be awfully pleased if you would take the post."

"The pleasure will be mine," said the pretty young lady. "And about references? I'm afraid I cannot get them in less than ten days."

"Pardon," said Tinker. "Your face is good enough for me. I mean, it is really quite reference enough."

The pretty young lady flushed with pleasure, and said, "That is very nice of you—but your father might think them necessary."

"This is my show—I mean, this matter is entirely in my hands: I look after Elsie altogether. And I think we might consider it settled. My name is Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh."

"My name is Dorothy Rayner."

"Rainer?" said Tinker with sudden alertness. "There is an American millionaire called Rainer."

"I spell my name with a 'y'," said Dorothy quickly. Madame Butler once more raised her eyebrows.

"Well, when will you come to us? We are staying at the Hotel des Princes at Monte Carlo."

"To-day is Wednesday. Shall we say Saturday morning?"

"Yes; that will do very well. Oh, by the way, I was quite forgetting—about music."

"I'm afraid," said Dorothy, and her face fell, "I can't teach music."

"That's all right," said Tinker cheerfully. "My father was terribly afraid that any one I got would want to."

He explained to Dorothy their nomadic mode of life; paid Madame Butler her fee; bade them good-by, and went his way. On his return he found Elsie full of anxious curiosity; but his account of his find set her mind at rest. He ended by saying: "It will be awfully nice for you, don't you know? She looked as though she would let you kiss her as often as you wanted to."

"But I shall kiss you just the same, night and morning," said Elsie firmly.

"Of course, of course," said Tinker quickly, and by a manful effort he kept the brightness in his face. He told his father that he had found a governess.

"References all right?" said Sir Tancred.

"Yes; she carries them about with her," said Tinker diplomatically.

"I suppose I ought to see them, don't you think?"

"You will," said Tinker.

On her arrival on the Saturday morning Dorothy found the children awaiting her on the steps of the hotel; and to Tinker's extreme satisfaction she at once kissed Elsie. When she had been taken to her room, which was next to Elsie's, and her trunks had been brought up, it was time to go to *déjeuner*, and Tinker conducted her to the restaurant. They found Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland already at table; they rose at the sight of Dorothy, and Tinker introduced them to her gravely. Sir Tancred was naturally surprised at being suddenly confronted by a startling vision of beauty, when he had expected an ordinary, young, fresh-colored, good-natured Englishwoman. But for all the change worked in his face by that surprise he might have been confronted by a vision of corkscrew curls. Lord Crosland, however, so far forgot the proper dignity of a peer as to kick Tinker gently under the table. Tinker looked at him with a pained air.

Dorothy was no less surprised by the sight of Sir Tancred; she had had a vague notion that she should find him a sedate gentleman of forty-five. She was a little shy at first; but Sir Tancred soon set her at her ease, and she took her part in their talk, showing a very pleasant, mirthful spirit.

When she went away with the children Lord Crosland lighted a cigarette and said thoughtfully, "Well, Tinker has made a find. She is a lady."

"I should be inclined to say gentlewoman," said Sir Tancred. "Lady is a word a trifle in disrepute; there are so many of them, and so various, don't you know?"

"Gentlewoman be it," said Lord Crosland. "But he's a wonderful young beggar for getting hold of the right thing. What a beautiful creature she is!"

"She *is* beautiful," said Sir Tancred grudgingly.

"Woman-hater! *Va!*" said Lord Crosland.

Dorothy found herself admitted to a frank intimacy in this little circle into which whim had led her. She spent most of her time with the children. She gave Elsie two hours' lessons a day, and, since she had a knack of making them interesting, Tinker often enjoyed the benefit of her teaching. After lessons she shared most of their amusements, and learned to be a pirate, a brigand, an English sailor, a Boer, and every kind of captive and conspirator. She rarely tried to restrain Tinker's fondness for pulling the legs of his fellow-creatures, for she found that he had the happiest knack of choosing such fellow-creatures as would be benefited, morally, by the operation. But she was a check on his more reckless moods, and kept him from one or two outrageous pieces of mischief. For his part, he found the responsibility of looking after her and Elsie not a little sobering; and he was quite alive to the fact that at Monte Carlo, that place of call of the adventurers of the world, one's womankind need a protecting male presence. Quietly and unobtrusively Sir Tancred seconded him in this matter; if Dorothy had the fancy to take the air in the gardens after dinner she found that he or Lord Crosland, or both of them, strolled with her and the children. She was growing very friendly with the two men and beginning to take a far deeper interest in Sir Tancred than she would have cared to admit even to herself. His face of Lucifer, Son of the Morning, his perfect thoughtfulness, his unfailing gentle politeness and his very coldness attracted her; and, always watching him, she had now and again a glimpse of the possibilities of energy and passion which underlay the mask of his languor. At times, too, her woman's intuition assured her that, for all his dislike, or rather distaste, of women, she attracted him.

Unfortunately, but naturally, Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland were not the only men who found her beautiful. M. Le Comte Sigismond De Puy-de-Dôme, hero of many duels and more scandals, and darling of the Nationalist press, also saw her beauty. With him to see was to act; and he never

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a new series of stories, each complete in itself, around the adventures of Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh, nicknamed the Tinker. The next will appear in an early number.

passed her without a conquering twirl of his waxed mustaches, and a staring leer which he fondly believed to be a glance teeming with passion. Since even he, conscious as he was of his extraordinary fascination, could hardly mistake her look of annoyance for the glow of responsive emotion, he resolved on more masterly action. He kept a careful watch, and one afternoon followed her and Tinker and Elsie on one of their walks. They went briskly; and at the end of a mile he was maintaining a continuous, passionate monologue in tones vibrant with the deepest feeling on the subject of his tight, but patent-leather, boots.

A mile and a half on the way to Mentone they turned aside down a road into the hills. He followed them for a while over the loose stones and along the ruts of the roadway with considerable pain, and was on the very point of abandoning the pursuit when he came on Dorothy and Elsie sitting in a shady dell from which the wooded slope of the hills rose steeply. Careless of his boots and of the fact that they had suffused his face with an unbecoming purple, he strode gallantly up to them, and plunged into a detailed account of the passion with which Dorothy's beauty had inflamed his heart, wearing the while his finest air of a conqueror dictating terms.

Dorothy surveyed him with a contemptuous wonder over which her sense of the ludicrous was slowly gaining the mastery; Elsie stared at him. At last he ended the impassioned description of his emotions with a yet more impassioned appeal to Dorothy to fly with him to a far-off shore forever shining with the golden light of love; and Dorothy laughed a gentle laugh of pure amusement.

Count Sigismond flushed plum-color; his eyes stood well out of his head; he drew himself up with a superb air, a little spoiled by a wince as his left boot deftly reminded him that he was wearing it, and cried: "Ha! You laugh! You laugh at Sigismond De Puy-de-Dôme! Mon Dieu! You shall learn!" And with a sudden spring he grabbed at Dorothy.

She jerked aside, sprang up and away from him. But he was between her and the exit from the dell; he crouched with the impressive deliberation of a villain in a melodrama for another spring; and Elsie screamed, "Tinker! Tinker!"

Count Sigismond heard a rustling in the bushes above, and looked up to see them parted by an angel child in white ducks, bearing a bunch of lilies in his hand, who gazed at him with a serious, almost pained face, and leapt lightly down.

With a "*Pah! Imbécile!*" addressed to himself for delaying, the Count sprang toward Dorothy, was conscious of a swift, white streak, and the head of the angel child, impelled by wiry muscles and a weight of seventy-six pounds, smote as a battering-ram upon the first and second buttons of his waistcoat. He doubled up and sat down hard in one movement; then turned on his side and gasped and gasped.

"Come along!" cried Tinker in a most imperative tone. "A row is a horrid nuisance when there are women in it!" And he caught his charges, each by an arm, and bustled them out of the dell and down the road. Dorothy laughed as she ran; never before had she seen vaulting arrogance brought low in so sudden and signal a fashion. At last she stopped, dabbed away the tears of mirth, and said, "Oh, Tinker, I am so much obliged to you! It's all very well to laugh now; but it might have been horrid!"

"It was the simplest thing in the world," said Tinker. Then rubbing his head ruefully he added, "I wish those foreigners would not wear gold buttons on their white waistcoats in the daytime. They have no more notion of how to dress than a cat—the men haven't."

They hurried along, looking back now and again to see if they were followed. They were not; for Count Sigismond was now sitting up in the shady dell, staring round it with fishy eyes, and wondering dully whether he owed his disaster entirely to an angel child or whether Mont Pelée had affected the neighborhood. He gasped still.

As they drew near the town Tinker grew thoughtful; suddenly he stopped and said seriously: "Now, look here, both of you. We mustn't let my father know about this, or he'll certainly thrash that bounding Frenchman; and that wouldn't be good enough, don't you know?"

"It would be very good for him," said Dorothy with some vindictiveness.

"Yes; but not for my father," said Tinker very earnestly indeed. "For all that he looks like a swollen frog, Le Comte De Puy-de-Dôme is the most dangerous pistol-shot in Europe. He's killed two men in duels already."

"Has he?" said Dorothy quickly, and the color faded in her cheeks. "Then we must indeed say nothing about it."

"Swear," said Tinker, raising his right hand.

"We swear," said Dorothy and Elsie in one voice, raising their right hands. It was a formality which had to be gone through many times when they played at being conspirators; their words and actions were mechanical.

"That's all right," said Tinker with a sigh of relief.

Count Sigismond returned to his hotel in a very hot fury. His outraged pride clamored for vengeance, and he sought for some one on whom to be revenged. He was surprised at the end of two days to hear nothing of his discomfiture; but his fury lost nothing by growing cool, and on the third night he picked a quarrel with Sir Tancred.

Next morning Sir Tancred asked Dorothy to take the children to Nice for a few days, since he had heard that there was some fever at one of the smaller hotels. He watched over their departure himself, and Tinker was aware of an indefinable something in his manner which puzzled him. It was that something which gave him a curious, unsettled feeling as if they were going on a much longer journey. As they left the hotel Lord Crosland came up from the Condamine carrying a square case under his arm; it did not escape Tinker's observant eye, but in the bustle of their removal he gave it but scant attention. In the evening Dorothy noticed that he was restless and absent-minded, and asked him what was the matter.

"I don't know," he said. "I have a funny feeling as though something was going to happen, and I can't think of anything. It's just as if I'd missed something I ought to have noticed. It always makes me uncomfortable. Yet I can't think what it can be."

She made many suggestions, but to no purpose; and he went to bed dissatisfied. He awoke once or twice in the night, a very rare thing with him; possibly, so close was their kinship, his father's disturbed spirit in some obscure and mysterious fashion was striving to warn him, or prepare him for calamitous tidings. In the early morning he slept soundly, and awoke rather later than his wont; and even as he awoke the square case which Lord Crosland had carried sprang into his mind, and he knew it for a case of pistols. In a flash everything was clear to him; his father was going to fight Count Sigismond, and had sent him to Nice to be out of the way.

He sprang out of bed and dashed for his watch; it was two minutes past seven. They would fight at eight; he had nearly an hour. In three minutes he was dressed and racing down the stairs. He met Dorothy coming up.

"What's the matter?" she cried, at the sight of his white face.

"My father—he's fighting Le Comte De Puy-de-Dôme, and he got us out of the way!"

—BY A VIOLENT EFFORT HUSHED HIS HYSTERIC SOBBING

He did not see her turn pale and clutch the banisters; he was racing out of the hotel. He ran to the coach-house, wheeled his bicycle into the courtyard, mounted, and rode down the street. He went at a moderate pace through the town, but once on the Corniche road he drove the machine along as hard as he could pedal. He was well on his way before his mind cleared enough for him to think what he was doing; and then his heart sank: he could do nothing. He could not interrupt a duel; that was the last enormity. And if he did interrupt it, it would be but for a few minutes; it would take place all the same. As the sense of his helplessness filled him, two or three great tears forced themselves out of his eyes. He dashed them away with a most unangelic savageness; then conscious only of a devouring desire to be near his father in his perilous hour he drove on the machine as hard as he could. As he drew near Monaco a kind of hopelessness settled on him. He almost wished, since he could not stop it, that he might find the duel over. Now and again a dry sob burst from his overloaded bosom.

It was ten minutes to eight when he came up the slope from the Condamine. His legs were leaden, but they drove on the machine. At last he came to the path which leads to the half glade, half rocky amphitheatre in which the gentry of the Principality and of the rest of the world who chance to be visiting it settle their affairs of honor, slipped off his machine, and ran down it as fast as his stiff legs would carry him. A few yards from the end of it he turned aside into the bushes; came to the edge of the glade; saw his father and Count Sigismond facing one another some forty yards away; saw a white handkerchief raised in Lord Crosland's hand; and in spite of himself his pent-up emotion burst from him in one wild eldritch yell.

It still rang on the quivering air when the handkerchief fluttered to the ground, and the pistols flashed together.

Now to those who enjoy an intimacy with Tinker an eldritch yell is neither here nor there. Piercing as this one was, it barely reached Sir Tancred's consciousness; but it smote sharply on Count Sigismond's tense nerves, and deflected the barrel of his pistol just so much as sent the bullet zip past Sir Tancred's ear at the moment he received Sir Tancred's bullet in his elbow and started to traverse the glade in a series of violent, but ungainly, leaps, uttering squeal on squeal.

Tinker turned and bolted, sobbing, gasping and choking in the revulsion from his hopeless dread. He seized his bicycle, ran it along the road some fifty yards, turned in among the bushes, flung himself down and sobbed and cried.

There was confusion on the scene of the duel; Count Sigismond's seconds had to chase him, catch him and hold him while the doctor dressed his wound. Then they fell to a discussion as to whether the eldritch yell had been uttered by the Count or by some one in the wood round the glade; it had fallen upon very ragged nerves, and for the lives of them they could not be sure. Lord Crosland threw no light at all upon the matter, though he did his best to help their dispute grow acrimonious; Sir Tancred preserved the discreet silence of a principal in a duel; the Count Sigismond only moaned.

At last they turned their attention to him, and carried him to the top of the path. Sir Tancred and Lord Crosland started for the town to send up a cab for him.

When they were out of hearing Lord Crosland said: "Most likely that yell saved your life, old chap."

"I should say that there wasn't a doubt about it; but really, in the case of a sweep like Puy-de-Dôme, I can't say that I mind a little irregularity. Besides, my conscience is quite clear. Heaven knows I did my best to keep Tinker in the dark."

"It can't be done," said Lord Crosland with conviction.

Tinker heard their voices, and by a violent effort, which did him good, hushed his hysteric sobbing. He heard the cab rattle up and rattle away. Twenty minutes later he mounted his machine, and passing through the back streets of Monte Carlo rode slowly back to Nice. On his way he washed his face at a spring; and when he mounted his machine again he said to himself firmly, "I'm *not* ashamed—not a bit."

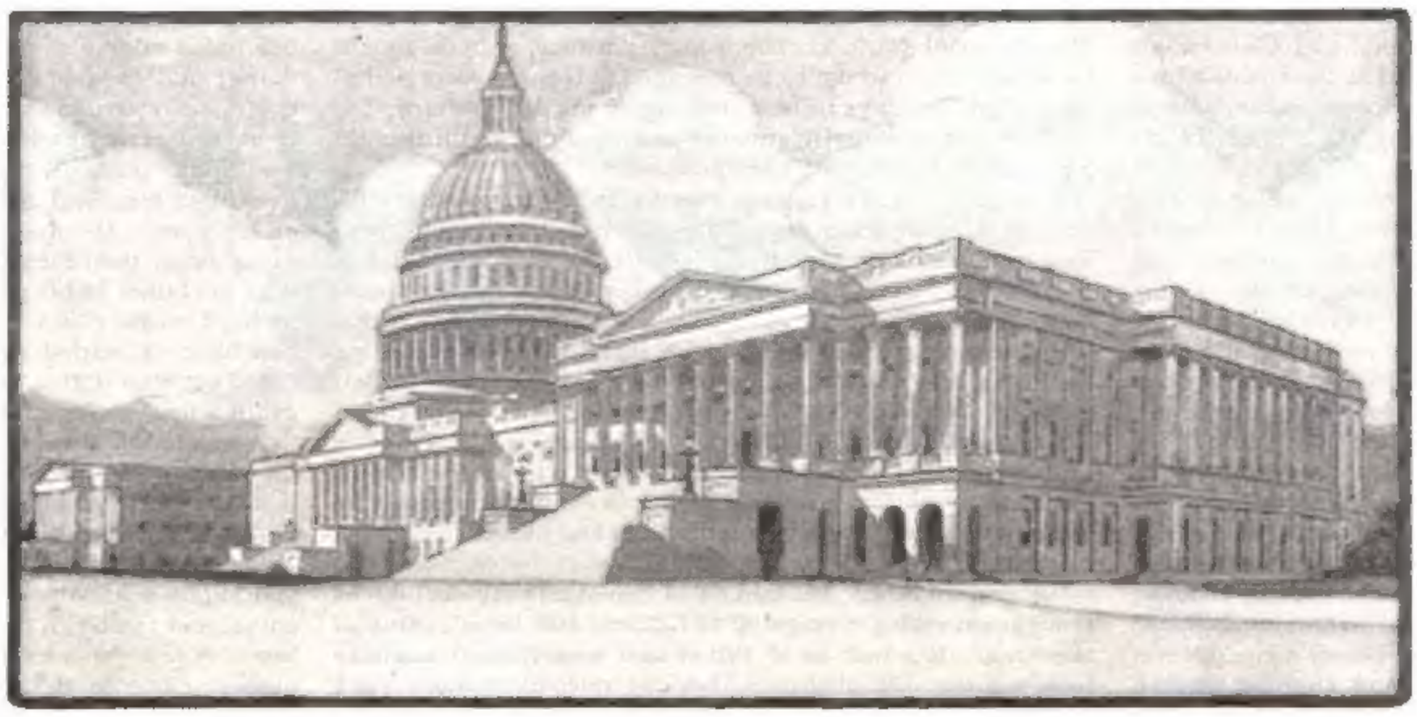
As he wheeled his bicycle into the coach-house of the hotel Dorothy ran into it, caught him by the arm and cried: "Did they fight? Is your father hurt?"

He looked at her white, strained face, and said, with a dogged air, "My father's all right. What do you mean about fighting? I—I've been for a ride—on my bicycle."

"Then you did stop it!" cried Dorothy; and before he could ward her off she had kissed him.

"Look here," said Tinker firmly but gently, "these things won't bear talking about. They won't, really."

MEN AND MEASURES



By Charles Emory Smith

A CROWDED SESSION, WITH MUCH ANXIETY OVER VENEZUELA IN THE ADMINISTRATION AND MUCH CHAFING AGAINST QUAY METHODS IN THE SENATE

THE teeth are on edge in Washington—not merely *the* teeth, but everybody's teeth. It is a time of stress and struggle, of friction and fight. A dozen contentions are going forward at once. The remainder of the session will be of intense interest. There are many things to do; there is very little time to do them; and in every case there are resourceful men opposed to doing anything. The constant battles for precedence, for obstruction, for right of way and for side-tracking will keep the actors at the highest tension.

The Statehood contest developed the sharpest tactics, the keenest personal antagonism, and the most resolute and unyielding purposes on both sides. Senator Morgan lifted up his everlasting voice against the Panama treaty, and there are concealed forces behind. The knights of the anti-trust crusade in the House are chafing and restive under the more subtle and skillful management of the Senate. The diplomatic world has been deeply stirred over Venezuela, while less diplomatic but not less interested American observers have found it hard to check their rising indignation. Cuban reciprocity is halted between general acquiescence and occult obstruction. The President is driving a twelve-in-hand with restless energy, while Senator Hoar faintly pipes out against executive intrusion. What with Venezuelan clouds, Panama difficulties, treaties galore, color questions, Presidential activity, Senatorial combats and Congressional jealousies, the Washington pot is fairly boiling over. The attempt may be made to put the cover on, but the seething goes on below.

The struggle over the Omnibus Statehood bill grew into what was well-nigh a political duel between Senator Quay and Senator Hanna. Senator Beveridge, as chairman of the Committee on Territories, is the floor leader of the fight against admission, and he has led it with force and ability. Behind him is Senator Hanna, who has thrown all his vigor and authority into the contest. There have been various secondary but interesting chapters. Senator Knute Nelson, the stalwart representative of the Scandinavians, made a long and convincing speech against admission. He is a hard-headed Senator of shrewd common-sense, and his array of facts and reasons was conclusive. Indeed, the argument has been on one side and the numbers and strategy on the other.

But, notwithstanding other phases, it has been largely a combat between Quay and Hanna. No love has been lost between them since Hanna gave the casting vote which decided against seating Quay on the Governor's appointment, and when Richard and Richmond met on Bosworth Field it was sure to be a fierce battle. Though his methods were well known, Senator Quay has nevertheless astonished his associates by the extent of his resources and the ingenuity of his tactics. He is daring, audacious and unhesitating. He is Napoleonic in his dash and decision, in his celerity of movement and in the character of his surprises. He turns up in the most unforeseen way and strikes the most sudden and unexpected blows. To tack his Statehood bill as a rider on the Agricultural Appropriation bill, and then refer it to his own private and personal committee which has nothing to do with either agriculture, appropriations or Statehood, and which never meets, was a manœuvre which nobody but a Quay would think of.

The question with him was not whether his move would receive approval, but whether it would outwit his opponents and gain an advantage for his measure. He is bold and unshrinking in using the power he possesses. With a majority behind him he wields it with autocratic will. In State politics he surprises friend and foe alike by his quick turns and unannounced devices, and he has applied in the national and courtly forum of the Senate the deft and fertile expedients which he has employed so successfully in undisputed control of a State machine. Both Quay and Hanna are masterful political leaders. Quay relies more on his resources and Hanna more on his cause. Quay has the greater boldness and Hanna the greater grasp. Quay is more the chief of a compact clan and Hanna more the premier of a free council. Neither is Machiavellian—though Quay is reticent and secretive—and both are direct and go straight to the mark.

There would be a compromise if there were not such intensity of feeling, and there may be yet. But each side wants to fight it out to the end. One side has the advantage of numbers and of iron purpose. The other has the advantage of right and the almost illimitable power of opposition in the Senate. The chapter of accidents is in its favor. Any delay counts for it. While those who want to defeat other things may aid in keeping the Statehood bill at the front, those who want to pass other measures will not be willing to let it block the way. It has the difficulty of the affirmative and the opposition has the strength of the negative. With such a situation it is not hard to measure the chances.

Senator Hoar Lectures the President

Senator Hoar's remonstrance against the intrusion of Presidential authority and influence into the activity and legislation of Congress finds theoretical assent and practical rejection. The venerable Massachusetts statesman is a Senator of the old school. He has great reverence for the traditions of the fathers, for the fundamental principles of our political system, and for the constitutional division and boundaries of authority. The President, according to his view, is to communicate with Congress by message; he is to pass upon bills by signing or vetoing them when they come regularly before him in due process; Congress is to legislate without his interference except through his public recommendations; and conferences at the White House to arrange what shall be done at the Capitol, and announcements that this or that measure is an Administration measure, are equally objectionable.

All this Senator Hoar found occasion to utter in very plain terms. "There is a constitutional method," he said, "by which the President conveys his approbation or disapproval of bills, and outside of that method I hold it contrary to the privileges of the Senate to have the opinion of the President of the United States stated in legislation. It is nobody's business to be arranging with the President what the Senate shall do! We are an independent body." This was indeed a sharp lecture both to the President and to the Senate. And the general judgment found expression when, upon its conclusion, Senator Spooner rose and said: "Mr. President, the Senator from Massachusetts is absolutely right, of course. I move that the Senate do now adjourn." That was the only rejoinder. Theoretically right, but not worth answering!

Senator Spooner's suggestive response reflects the truth. Senator Hoar's position is technically correct, but practically erroneous. It goes back to the original constructive division of powers and overlooks the development of actual conditions. The real working of our political system has changed in this as in many other ways without any change in the text of the Constitution. The President is not merely the Executive but the Premier of the Government and the leader of his party. If he would win either administrative or political success he must impress himself on Congress and mould its action. The President who failed to do this would discredit himself and imperil his party. Once in a century comes a Henry Clay who from his place in the Senate dominates his party in Congress and in the country; but it is only at the rarest intervals that such an overtowering Congressional leader appears, and generally the real leadership must fall to the President.

Senator Hoar says the House of Lords or Commons would resent an assertion of the King's wishes or authority in its debates or in its actions. But that is a false comparison. There is no parallel between the two cases. The British monarch reigns, but does not rule. The position of the President is not that of the King, but rather like that of the Prime Minister. He is the real chief of the Government and, if he be a masterful man, the real leader of the party in power. As such he must shape policies in administration and in legislation. Inevitably very much depends on the quality of the man. There are Addingtons as Prime Minister and there are Pitts; there are Salisburys and there are Balfours. So as President there is sometimes a Polk and sometimes a Jackson, now a Hayes and then a Cleveland, or a McKinley, or a Roosevelt.

Cleveland did not steadily sway Congress as McKinley did. His temperament and impulse would have led him to conform more closely to the theory which Senator Hoar lays down. His natural disposition was to attend to his end of the line and let Congress attend to its end. But he found it vital to control Congress at times, as when he forced the repeal of the silver purchase act, and when he did assert himself he did it with a vigor and energy that left no doubt of his purpose. No rational man questions that the exercise of his power in that case was essential to the public welfare. McKinley held his control less by coercion than by persuasion, and how much less would have been his success, and how much inferior would have been the success of the country, if he had not kept his close touch and his skillful hand had not constantly guided the action of Congress!

But there are other considerations which cannot be overlooked. It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. If Senator Hoar resents the intrusion of the President into the Capitol, why shouldn't he resent the intrusion of the Senate into the White House? If the President goes beyond his prerogative in influencing legislation, does not the Senate overstep the division line in controlling appointments? It is a common observation, indeed, that the Senate is gradually absorbing the powers of the Government. If we were to search for the real subject of criticism in the transgression of the constitutional distribution of powers, it might lead us in the opposite direction from Senator Hoar's pursuit. Besides, the President is more directly responsible to the people than the Senate, and experience shows that he more nearly represents the people. If he trenches on the field of Congress, is it not generally to enforce the popular will?

As for President Roosevelt, does Senator Hoar delude even the rotund imagination of thirty years under the lofty dome with the idea that a Senatorial lecture will restrain his activity? Does the Senator expect to make him over again? Does he hope to reconstruct temperament and organization and mental fibre and moral quality? To imagine President Roosevelt shutting himself up in the White House and contenting himself with an occasional message to Congress is to imagine the impossible. He could not fail to assert himself without changing his whole being. But the very intensity of his method would defeat itself if he did not stand for the right—if he did not represent what, thus enforced, is irresistible. His vehement force would arouse opposition if his popular cause did not compel assent. But when he personifies the popular will and gives it the edge of his own it is impossible to stand against him. Senator Hoar may remonstrate against trespassing on the prerogative of the Senate, but all in vain. Before these words can be read there will doubtless be a settlement of the Venezuela imbroglio. The delay already experienced in reaching an adjustment has exceeded reasonable limits, and the conduct of the controversy on the part of the allied Powers has evoked much criticism and resentment in this country. This irritation has been shared by the highest authorities as well as by the people. There has been little fear of any serious complication. That could only come through some accident or some inflammatory act which would precipitate a clash and carry the affair beyond the control of the Governments. But the delay of settlement has left room for such accidents, and the needless violence of the allies in their blockade, and their excessive demands in the discussion of terms, have created an unpleasant impression. It is

difficult to understand why the allied Powers allowed themselves to be betrayed into such palpable mistakes. If they had determined to force an issue their exasperating action would be easy to comprehend, but as that is precisely what they had determined to avoid, it is hard to see the discretion of such a course

They started with two great advantages. In the first place, they expressly and almost effusively declared that they would give no offense to the United States, and that declaration was unreservedly accepted. In the second place, the United States had no sympathy with Castro. He was regarded as an adventurer who had not been scrupulous in his administration or in his obligations. There was, therefore, no disposition in this country to object to coercive measures so long as they were not harsh and did not infringe on the Monroe Doctrine It was only when they were accompanied by ruthless destruction of Venezuelan vessels and wanton bombardment of Venezuelan villages and by attempted exactions beyond reason in the settlement that the tide of adverse feeling rose.

There is a widespread suspicion that sinister purposes and ulterior designs lay behind this European attack on Venezuela Our Government does not share this opinion. It may be said that among the navy officers lower than the top the feeling is universal that a conflict sooner or later is inevitable. This conviction springs from various sources. It comes in part from the bearing and expressions of German naval officers, in part from the idea that the new German Navy, which has never had a chance to fight, will seek to share the glory of the German Army, in part from the belief that deep-seated designs on South America will involve war. Whether well-founded or not, this sentiment pervades our Navy, and it therefore finds nothing surprising in the arbitrary exhibitions on the Venezuelan coast and in the imperative and exacting spirit of the negotiations

But it may be repeated that the highest authorities in our Government do not entertain this conviction. They believe that the Kaiser was frank, open and sincere in his demonstrations of friendship for this country, and that his true spirit was indicated in the mission of Prince Henry and all the cordial expressions with which it was accompanied. They accept the repeated and positive assurances given before the movement against Venezuela that no step would be taken to which the United States would object. And they do not believe that the Kaiser has any designs which are inconsistent with these friendly expressions.

How, then, are the reprehensible acts to be explained? It is thought that they were not ordered or inspired by the Kaiser, but that they were the overzealous and superserviceable performances of the commanders. The same eager and restless desire to do something which generally characterizes the officers of the new German Navy is credited with the responsibility of these aggressive displays. When they have been made the Kaiser cannot well disavow them. He may even give them a passive approval He does not wish to impair initiative or ambition on the part of his officers, and he would rather see an excess of zeal and activity than the indifference and torpor which never do anything

These officers have not yet learned restraint. They understand the force of the Navy better than its code or its courtesy They find their type in Admiral Dietrich who came so near crossing Dewey's path at Manila. Had it not been for the warning and counsel of Admiral Seymour, the more experienced and accomplished British commander, it is probable that Dietrich would have overstepped the bounds of neutral obligation and clashed with Dewey, not so much because he had the spirit of truculence and defiance as because he didn't clearly perceive what he was not to do. There is something in nature and something in training. The British officers on the Venezuelan coast did not show the aggressive spirit of their German allies. The acts which offended the sensibilities of the United States came from one source, and they deepened the feeling of our Navy without throwing our Government off its self-contained balance.

It is interesting and reassuring to note the poise and deliberation of President Roosevelt throughout this chapter. It shows the effect of responsibility and experience with a strong man. We all remember his eagerness and impulsiveness, his generous ardor and intrepid determination, at the beginning of the difficulties with Spain. He was almost ready to meet the Spanish fleet midway on the seas. In the present case he was earnestly urged and besought to send our fleet to the Venezuelan coast. The only explanation of such an act would have been to watch the allied fleets and be prepared for any emergency. It would have signified that we did not trust their assurances, and had suspicions, and it would have given provocation. The President judiciously declined to accede to the appeal, and in this refusal he gave new reason for confidence in his sobriety of judgment. He does not shrink from any duty, but he does not plunge into trouble

Though the Venezuelan episode has been very trying it will accomplish great good. It demonstrates that the Monroe Doctrine is a powerful safeguard of peace. It will diffuse a better understanding of its scope and efficiency. It will emphasize the practical agreement that no European Power will venture upon any infraction It will at the same time teach the irresponsible and unstable governments of South America that they cannot disregard their obligations with impunity in reliance on the defense of the United States. It will stimulate measures to diminish the trade connections of South America with Europe, which lead to such complications, and to increase their trade connections with the United States, where responsibility, friendship and protection go hand in hand. And, finally, it will deepen the purpose of this country to strengthen its navy, its coast defenses, and its general equipment, not in expectation of war, but as a guarantee of peace, and as a muniment of its continental obligations under the Monroe Doctrine

A Reminiscence of Edwin Booth

By Barton Hill

IN THE old days when tragedy reigned supreme and people went to the playhouse to joy and weep with the impersonator of Shakespearean characters, stock companies were attached to each important theatre. The "stars" traveled from city to city, in some instances accompanied by the lady who was to play leading parts, a plan to save trouble to the chief impersonator, but as a rule all rôles, except the ones assumed by the visiting actor, were supplied, and amply, by the members of the regular stock company

Each theatre had its permanent stage manager who conducted rehearsals from the prompt-book of the star next to appear, and in which the stage business of every character in the play was given. Of course, these prompt-books differed, but never violently. But of all the great personages of that halcyon time, Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest and the rest, not one but came to rehearsal with the stock company and entered with ardor into the spirit of the play

My first meeting with Edwin Booth, with whom in subsequent years I played leading support for so many seasons, was in Pittsburg in 1849, fifty-four years ago. He came with his father, Junius Brutus Booth, merely to help him to dress. He had, however, made his début at Providence a short time before, September 20, 1849, while my own first appearance had been made on November 20, two months later

Macready had been very particular in rehearsals and gone so far as to mark a certain spot on the stage where an actor playing with him should take up position in a given scene If he deviated from that spot in public performance, however slightly, the distinguished actor would set him right in a hoarse whisper. In view of this Junius Brutus Booth was asked, "Where shall I stand?"

"Anywhere you like," was the prompt rejoinder, "and I will find you."

My first experiences in rehearsing with Edwin Booth were at Buffalo in 1854; he came then, as later, to every rehearsal and directed it. In 1867, on the burning of the Winter Garden, I was sent for by Mr. Forrest to take the place of John McCullough. Then in the latter years of his life he was vigorously directing all rehearsals of his plays, and kept up the daily routine with that company for three or four weeks after my arrival, when he turned the responsibility over to me, only coming to the theatre to act

We hear many instances of the peculiarities of those great actors at rehearsal Booth was never anything but kind, nor was Edwin Forrest. The harsh stories that were told of Forrest I never believed; Edwin Booth had but one peculiarity—his love of his art

For years Mr. Reed, the father of Roland Reed, played some little bits of parts as captain of the "supers" in Mr Forrest's company. One night, in charge of his "Citizens," he was standing in the wings waiting to go on. A new stage manager was conducting the first performance of his engagement, and naturally was quite anxious. "Do you know your cue?" he asked of Mr. Reed

"Yes," was the answer

Are you sure?"

"Yes."

'Quite sure?"

"Yes," came the reply

"What is it?" asked the stage manager, nervously turning the leaves of his prompt-book.

"Go on, you fool," replied Mr. Reed with a bland promptness born of long familiarity with the command

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XI

AT MRS. RIDGIE'S they guessed that Frothingham had proposed to Cecilia and that she had been unnerved by the shock to her widowed heart. He stayed on until the following Monday, neither amused nor amusing, then returned to Mrs. Staunton's for two days. He found her intensely curious as to the trouble between Cecilia and him—she brought up the subject again and again, and with expert ingenuity at prying tried to trap him into telling her. she all but asked him point blank. But he looked vague or vacant, pretended not to understand what she wanted, expressed lively interest in Cecilia's progress toward health, professed keen regret that he must leave before she would be well enough to receive him

As he was about to go Mrs. Staunton became desperate "Allerton is a stern man," she said with an air that forbade the idea that mere vulgar curiosity was moving her. "He has the notion that Cecilia was not polite to you—you know, she gives way to strange moods. And he is so irritated against her that he is treating her harshly."

Frothingham looked astonished. "Really!" he said "How extraordinary I can't conceive how he happened to wander off into that Nothing could be farther from the truth."

"I confess," Mrs. Staunton went on, "I'm much disappointed. I've taken a fancy to you. I had rather hoped that you and Cecilia would like each other—you understand."

Frothingham reflected. It was possible, yes, probable, that Cecilia's father could drive her into marrying him, would do it if he should hint to Mrs. Staunton that he did fancy Cecilia and was "horribly cut up" because she didn't fancy him "What the devil do her feelings matter to me?" he demanded of himself. "A month after we were married she'd forget all this ghost nonsense and would be thanking me for pulling her out of it."

"And," Mrs. Staunton was saying, "I know her father would have liked it as well as I."

But Frothingham didn't follow his impulse and her unconscious leading. "What am I thinking of?" he said to himself in the sharp struggle that was going on behind his impassive exterior. "I'm not that sort of blackguard—at least not yet." Then he drawled his answer to Mrs. Staunton "I'm tremendously flattered, but really, I fear the young lady and I would never hit it off. I've no great fancy for marrying—never had. I've always thought it a poor business—one of the sort of things that are good for the women and children, you know, but not for the men"

SENATOR BALLANTYNE

Mrs. Staunton looked mild and humorous disapproval. "What is the world coming to? A man asked me the other day why all the nice women were married and all the nice men single. I hadn't thought of it until he spoke. But I must say it's true of my acquaintances."

"I hope you'll let Mr. Allerton know he's wrong," said Frothingham. "I hate it that the poor girl's had the screws put on her on my account."

"Certainly—I'll tell him. But I'm sorry it's not to be as we hoped." She was studying him with a puzzled expression. She had heard from what she regarded as a thoroughly trustworthy source that her young English friend had come over especially to get him a rich wife. If he hadn't come for that, why was he wandering about? Titled foreigners did not come to America for amusement. She could not understand his conduct.

He couldn't understand it himself. "I always was an ass," he thought. "Here am I, sinking straight to the bottom—or, what's worse, the bottomless. Yet I'm squeamish about the kind of line that pulls me ashore. Yes—I'm an ass. Even Lilian, well as I knew her at Oxford, took me in a bit with her trumpery tricks to make a living. She completely foozled me—that is——" Did she "foozle" him? He couldn't banish the doubt. And there was the incident of the horse—Lilian had nothing to do with that, yet it fitted in with her professions as to the spirit world. But hadn't she as good as owned up by apologizing for breaking it off between him and Cecilia? Perhaps she hadn't meant that; perhaps she had meant she was sorry to be the medium for such a letter. "There was a lot of truth in that letter. And there must be something in witches and ghosts and all that or the whole world wouldn't believe in 'em. But what ghastly luck that Lilian should turn up after fifteen years—no, seventeen, by Jove! Gad, how she has gone off since she was bar-maid at the Golden Cross and the prettiest girl that walked the High Street."

He paused in New York a few hours, long enough to get a disagreeable mail from the other side—a dismal letter from old Bagley, a suspiciously cheerful note from Evelyn, a few lines from Surrey with a postscript about Gwen—"I've shipped her off to Mentone. She's a bit seedy this winter, poor girl." Frothingham quarreled at Hutt, drank himself into a state of glassy-eyed gloom and took the three o'clock express for Washington. As he sat in the smoking-car a man dropped into the next chair with a "How d'ye do, Frothingham?" Frothingham's features slowly collected into an expression of recognition, of restrained pleasure. "Glad to see you, Wallingford. Going to Washington?"

"Yes—I'm in Congress, you know."

"No, I didn't know." And it struck him as uncommonly modest in Wallingford never to have spoken of so distinguished an honor.

"My father put me in last year."

"Oh, you've a seat in your family." Frothingham nodded understandingly. "That's very nice. They've almost abolished that sort of luxury with us. Nowadays, to get into Parliament a fellow has to put up a good many thousand pounds. Even then he must take his chances of winning a lot of noisy brutes."

Wallingford's face had flushed when Frothingham said "a seat in your family," and the flush had deepened as he went on. "You haven't got it quite straight, Frothingham—about us, I mean. No one can have a Congressional seat in his family in America. My father has a lot of influence with the party in New York City. He always puts up a lot of money for campaigns. And they give him the chance to name a Congressman—if he's willing to pay for it. That's between us, you understand. It's a bad system. But it applies only to a few districts in New York and perhaps one or two other cities."

"It sounds like our system," said Frothingham. "A good system, I call it. If it weren't for that the lower classes would be chucking us out and putting their own kind in."

"Well, we think it bad. I feel something like a fellow who knows he wouldn't have won the race if he hadn't bribed the jockey on the other fellow's horse."

"That's your queer American way of looking at things. You are always pretending that birth and rank and wealth aren't entitled to consideration. But that's all on the surface—all 'bluff,' as you say. They get just as much consideration here as among us."

"You're judging the whole country by the people in one small class—and not by any means all of them."

"Human nature is human nature," replied Frothingham with a cynical gleam in his eyeglass.

"If you go out West——"

"I'll find what I've found in the East, no doubt—perhaps in a little different form. I'm visiting Western people at Washington—after I've stopped at the Embassy a few days—some people I'm meeting through an American acquaintance of ours in England—Charles Sidney."

"Sidney!" Wallingford laughed. "He's my second cousin. Ain't he a shouting cad?"

"Oh, I think he's a well-meaning chap—most obliging."

"I should say so—to anybody he crawls before. And who are these Westerners he's sending you to?"

The Ballantynes. I think Mr. Ballantyne's a Senator, is he not?"

Wallingford laughed again. "That's one on me," he said. "Yes, they're from the West. But for everything that isn't American they lay it over anybody you've seen in New York. Ballantyne! I shan't say any more. It's of no use to tell you you're going round and round in a circle that's in America but not really of it."

"Do you know the Ballantynes?"

"I've met Mrs. Ballantyne—and the daughter that's married to a Spaniard—the Duke of Almansa. They were at Monte Carlo three years ago when I was there. A handsome woman—amusing, too. She spent most of her time in the gambling-rooms—used to come in always dressed in something new and loud—and what tremendous hats she did wear! She'd throw on the table a big gold purse blazing with diamonds; then she'd seat herself and open the purse and it would be stuffed with thousand-franc notes. She'd plunge like a Russian. Every once in a while she'd go out on the balcony and walk up and down smoking a cigarette. She forbade her husband the Casino unless she was with him; even then he wasn't allowed to stake a single louis. He'd slip away and play in one of those more private rooms upstairs."

"AND WHO ARE THESE WESTERNERS HE'S SENDING YOU TO?"

Frothingham smiled reminiscently.

"You know, the play's higher there," continued Wallingford. "But the crowd of spectators was too small and indifferent for Her Grace of Almansa. When she found out what he was up to she made a scene right before everybody—'How dare you squander *my* money!' she said, and she led him away like a spaniel on its way to a whipping."

"Charming person!" said Frothingham. "Must have been amusing."

"Indeed she was. They'd talk of her all day without growing tired—and always a new freak. You'll be amused by her."

"Ah—she's here?"

"Yes—left the Duke two years ago—paid him off and came home to her father. She's quite quiet now, they say—educating her children."

Frothingham's three days at the British Embassy were to him days upon an oasis in the desert. It was literally, as well as legally, part of the British domain—Britain indeed, as soon as the outside door was passed. The servants at most of the houses at which he had been entertained were direct and recent importations from England, yet they had already lost an essential something—even his faithful Hutt was not the docile, humble creature he had been. But here in the Embassy the servants, like the attachés, like the Ambassador's family, like the Ambassador himself, were as English in look, in manner, in thought as if they had never been off the island. The very furniture and the arrangement of it, the way the beds were made and the towels were hung in the bathrooms, represented the English people as thoroughly as did the Ambassador.

From this miniature Britain Frothingham on the third day was transferred to the international chaos beneath the turrets and battlements of the Ballantyne castle. When the house was finished, twelve years before Frothingham saw it, the various suites were furnished each on a definite scheme—French or English or Italian of different periods, classical, Oriental, Colonial American. But the Ballantynes had the true American weariness of things that are completed. They were not long interested in their house after it was done. They felt like strangers in it, lived in it only for the sake of show, were positively uncomfortable. More through carelessness and indifference than through ignorance, the movable objects in the suites had become changed about—a gradual process, imperceptible to the inhabitants. There were now specimens of every style and every period in each suite; and Frothingham, who knew about interiors, seeing this interior for the first time thought it the work of an eccentric verging on lunacy.

"Awful, isn't it?" said Madame Almansa, as she was called. She had noted Frothingham's glance roaming the concourse of nations and periods that thronged the walls and floor space of the vast parlor—the Ballantynes used the American term instead of the British "drawing-room."

Frothingham looked at her inquiringly. "What?" he said, pretending not to understand.

"Do you wonder I refuse to live here?" she went on, as if he had not spoken. "There's some excuse for the great houses on the other side. At least the present tenants didn't build them and can put the responsibility upon their ignorant, semi barbaric ancestors."

"That *has* struck me as a bit queer," replied Frothingham. "Over on our side we're cursing our ancestors for having burdened us with huge masses of brick and stone—beastly uncomfortable, aren't they?"

"Worse—unhealthful," she answered. "And as dwelling-places for human beings, ridiculous."

"Yes—and it takes an army to keep 'em clean, and then it isn't half done. And it does cost such a lot to keep 'em up. And there's no way of heating them. We don't build 'em any more—except new people that must show off."

"That's the trouble here," said Madame Almansa. "The new people who know nothing of the art of living build palaces as soon as ever they can afford it. It's supposed to be the badge of superiority. Instead, it's the badge of ignorance and vulgarity. I refuse to permit my children to live in the midst of such nonsense. You must come to see us, Lord Frothingham, in our little house just through this square."

Her sister, Isabella, who called herself Ysobel because she fancied it more aristocratic, laughed queerly—almost a sneer, though good-natured. And when Frothingham went away to her father's sitting-room she laughed again. "It's all very well for you, Susanna——"

"Susan," interrupted Madame Almansa.

"Well, Susan, then—though I hate to pronounce such a common word in addressing any one above the rank of servant. It's all very well for you to talk in that fashion. You've established yourself. You can afford to affect simplicity, and to insist on being called Susan, and on dropping your title, and on living in a plain little house, and on bringing up your children as if they were a tradesman's sons instead of the sons of one of the proudest nobles in——"

"You know Almansa," interrupted "Susan." "How *can* you speak of him as proud or a noble?"

"He *is* a weazened, oily creature," admitted Ysobel, delighted to make her sister wince by agreeing with her and "going her one better." "And I jumped for joy when you shook him, because I shouldn't have to let him kiss me any more. But, all the same, he's a great noble. And you know perfectly well, Madame Almansa, that if you had it to do all over again you'd marry him just the same—yes, if he were ten times worse——"

"Don't, Bella—please!" exclaimed "Susan" in a large, tragic way. "Mon Dieu!" She clasped her hands and in heroic agitation swept magnificently up and down the small, clear space. "When I think of the heritage of my boys—my Emilio and my Alfonso——"

"My Prince de Rio Blanco and my Marquis de Calamar," mocked Ysobel. "Cut it out, Sue. I loathe—*cant!*"

"Instead of filling your head with these false notions of nobility," said "Sue" sarcastically, "you would better look to your English, at least. But the vulgar speech you and your girl friends use nowadays is in keeping with your vulgar ideas of aristocracy."

"Yes, Madame la Duchesse," said Ysobel, her good nature unruffled. "And when I've married a title and then shaken the man I'll talk in the same top-lofty way that you do."

Madame Almansa raised and lowered her superb shoulders and changed the subject to dress—she affected an extreme of simplicity, and that required a great deal more time and thought than her former easily gratified craze for the startling. Presently her father came with Frothingham. "You're going to Senator Pope's to dinner, aren't you?" he said absently. Frothingham thought he looked like the pictures of "Uncle Sam," except that his white chin whiskers were rooted in a somewhat larger chin space.

"Not I," replied Madame Almansa. "You know, father, I'm to stay here and do the honors at your dinner."

"Yes, yes, Susie—I remember." Senator Ballantyne seemed pleased, but uneasy. "But you must be careful—very careful. Your grand airs will frighten 'em."

Ysobel laughed. "Mamma and I are going to Mrs Pope's," she said, "and Lord Frothingham, too. And then we'll go to the White House dance afterward."

"No, the White House dance is to-morrow night," said Madame Almansa. "I am going."

"Well, well—no matter," interposed Senator Ballantyne. "All I want is to be sure that you get out of the way before my constituents come. Your mother ought to be ashamed of herself to desert me. But I suppose they won't mind it so long as Sue is here."

"What time's your dinner, pa?" asked Ysobel.

"Half-past six," replied the Senator, and he turned to Frothingham: "At home they have dinner—no, they call it supper—at five o'clock."

"That's 'way, 'way out West, Lord Frothingham," explained Ysobel, "where papa and mamma come from"

"And you, too, young lady," said her father teasingly. "You were born there."

"Yes, but I was caught young and taken to France," retorted Ysobel. "I spoke French before I spoke English"

Senator Ballantyne frowned, became abstracted, was presently sighing. His eldest daughter heard it and gave a theatrical sigh of sympathy. Ballantyne seemed not to hear, but *something* was irritating him, for he frowned more heavily.

Mrs. Ballantyne came in from her drive. She was a fine-looking woman, had all the outward appearance of the *grande dame*, and acted the part so well that not even herself had caught her in a slip for many years—a notable triumph in the art of pose when it is considered that she was a country school-teacher until she was twenty four and had never seen a city or been east of the Alleghanies until she was past thirty. Frothingham helped her relieve herself of a great sable-lined cloak which he handed to a servant. The servant bent double in a bow—Mrs. Ballantyne paid well for obsequiousness. "When do those people of yours begin to come, Samuel?" she asked, framing her sentence and her manner to impress Frothingham.

Ballantyne looked annoyed, and, with a furtive glance at him, said: "Lord Frothingham will carry away a strange notion of democratic institutions as represented by Senators, mother."

Mrs. Ballantyne permitted him to call her mother because it was the only word of address that did not rasp her aristocratic nature. Her name was Jane—that she could not endure even before the days of her grandeur. She had made him call her Mrs. Ballantyne before people until she discovered that it was "shocking bad form." She decided upon mother because the old Austrian Ambassador, whose title was of the highest and whose blood was of the thinnest and palest blue, said to her one day, "I like your American fashion of husband and wife calling each other mother and father. It has a grand old patriarchal ring. My wife and I have adopted it."

"You must get out of the way by six o'clock," continued Ballantyne, addressing himself to "mother." "Several of them said they'd come round early for half an hour's chat before supper."

"I'm sorry we're to be driven out," said Frothingham. "I fancy I'd like to see your constituents"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Lord Frothingham," Mrs. Ballantyne answered him—for his benefit she was "laying it on with a trowel," as Ysobel would have said. "They're—but you know how it is in politics. I wish Samuel would leave public life."

"What!" exclaimed Ballantyne in mock horror. "And have all our poor relations that I've got nicely placed at the public crib bounced in a body, and come grunting and squealing to me to be supported! One of the objects in getting public office in this country, Lord Frothingham, is to relieve one's self of the support of one's poor relations and friends. The late President Arthur said to me when he was at the White House: 'The degradation of it! That I should have to lower myself for six hours every day to keeping an employment agency!'"

"But we can't dress and drive round the streets from six o'clock until eight," said Ysobel.

"They'll be in the reception-room by eight," replied her mother, "or else they won't be through dinner. We can get out unseen."

Frothingham maintained his look of blank indifference, but underneath he was vastly amused—"And they're quite unconscious what cads they are," he thought. As if in answer to this, Senator Ballantyne said to him, in a tone of humorous apology: "Our constituents are plain people, Lord Frothingham—honest, simple. They lead quiet, old-fashioned lives. I always send my family away or make them 'come off their perch' when I have to receive any one from home—that is, any but my regular political lieutenants. To tell you the gospel truth, I'm ashamed to have my old friends see how absurd we've become.

At six o'clock Frothingham was idling in a small smoking-room in the rear of the great parlor—it was on the second floor. Senator Ballantyne came in and grew red in the cheeks. "Oh, I didn't expect to see you," he said with an embarrassed laugh

Frothingham pretended not to notice, but he instantly saw the embarrassment, and the cause of it as well. The Senator was not in evening dress, nor even in his uniform of "statesman's frock." To combat the unfavorable impression his great castle would make upon the excursionists from his distant State he had got himself up in a stained old blue sack suit with torn pocket and ragged cuff, in trousers bagging hideously at the knees and springing fantastically where they met his unblacked boots

He seated himself and talked absently until there was a ring of the front doorbell. He started up. "I must go," he said. "That's the first ones." And he hurried away.

Frothingham waited a few seconds, then went into the hall and leaned carelessly on the banister where it commanded a view of the front door. He chuckled. Not the pompous and liveried butler or footman was opening it, but Senator Ballantyne himself in his livery of the "plain people." And Frothingham grinned as his great hearty voice—how different, how much more natural, than his usual voice—rolled out a "Why, hello, boys—Hello, Jim! Hello, Rankin. How d'ye do, Mrs. Fisher. Glad to see you, Miss Branigan. The maid wasn't about, so I thought I wouldn't keep you waitin'. Come right in and take off your things. Ladies, I'm sorry to say my wife's run off and left me—had to go to a dinner where the President and his wife are to be. You know, we ain't allowed to decline. But we won't miss her. My oldest girl Sue's in the parlor. You remember Sue?"

THE THREE DESCENDED THE GRAND STAIRWAY

They all went into the "parlor"—that is, the little first-floor reception-room, which had been partly refurnished, or rather, dismantled, for the occasion. The bell rang again. Frothingham chuckled again as he saw not butler, nor footman, nor Senator, but a neatly-dressed upstairs girl, without a cap, hasten to open the door. As he heard the rustle of skirts on the stairway leading to the sleeping-rooms, he prudently strolled into the smoking-room.

When he went up to dress Hutt said to him: "Beg pardon, my lord, but my, hit's queer, the dinner party they're 'avin' hin the little back room."

Frothingham went on shaving and Hutt continued:

"They've sent hoff hall the servants, hexceptin' the maids, my lord. They've got heverythink on the table at once and they're waitin' on themselves."

"Last night," said Frothingham, "you gave me a shirt with a spot on the collar. You're getting careless and impudent, Hutt."

When he reached the parlor Mrs. Ballantyne and Ysobel were waiting—Mrs. Ballantyne ablaze with rubies and diamonds, Ysobel slim and white and golden in an expensively plain white dress with golden spangles. Mrs. Ballantyne rang for a servant. "See that the doors leading into the hall downstairs are closed," she said.

The servant returned and announced that the way was clear. The three descended the grand stairway rapidly, entered the carriage and drove away—"with two on the box."

Presently Ysobel laughed. "You should have seen Susan, Lord Frothingham," she said. "She was rigged up in a black alpaca made with a basque."

"Alpaca?" asked Frothingham. "What's that? And what's a basque?"

"Alpaca is—well, it's a stuff they wear out West in the country when they dress up. I suppose they wear it because the country is so dusty and black alpaca catches and shows every bit of dust. And when you touch it, it makes your teeth ache and the gooseflesh rise all over you. A basque—it's a sort of waist, only it's little and tight and short on the hips and low in the collar, and it pulls under the arms—I can't describe a basque. It has to be seen. My idea of future punishment is to dress for a thousand years in black alpaca made with a basque, and to have to rub your hands over it every five minutes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Softer than Spun Silk

THE hair of the musk-ox is much finer than silk and considerably stronger than the strongest linen. Twisted into a small strand, two men may pull on it without being able to break it. The musk-ox is prodigally supplied with this hair, which often trails along the ground. In fact, it has an inner and an outer coat like the American buffalo and the Cashmere goat. The outer coat of the musk-ox is very heavy and is shed during the summer season

The natives of its Arctic habitat weave the silken threads of this animal into garments whose texture is finer and softer than the most delicate fabric known to commerce. The inhabitants in the extreme north of British America, on the Parry archipelago and in the Arctic regions of Alaska, where the musk-ox is found, will not for any price part with these beautiful garments. They are made exclusively for tribal chiefs and shamans. They regard the musk-ox as a sacred animal and the robes made of its hair are reverently cherished.

It is possible that under the scientific auspices of the United States Government the care and propagation of musk-ox herds for commercial purposes will occupy serious attention.

For many years scientific explorers and northern hunters have made attempts to secure live specimens, and on several occasions have succeeded in effecting a capture, but invariably the Indians accompanying the expedition have cut the throats of the oxen rather than allow them to be taken out alive. Their explanation was that the traditions of their people taught that if the musk-ox were taken out alive from that region all the other animals would die or migrate, leaving the inhabitants to perish of hunger. They believe that the odor of musk emitted by these animals is an incense offered to the gods of Wind and Snow, and that it alone insures protection to man and beast in those northern wastes.

The killing of the musk-ox they do not regard with equal disfavor, as that act they look upon as a votive offering. The one musk-ox now in this country was secured by the captain of a whaler, and he was permitted to take it out of the Arctic country only upon assuring the Indians that he wanted the animal for its skin and that it would be duly dispatched. If the natives learn that they have been deceived and that their sacred ox is now on exhibition, they will doubtless redouble their vigilance in safeguarding the species against exportation.

It is not the wish of the Government scientists to deal treacherously with the crude peoples of the far North in this matter, but as the musk-ox roams over vast regions it will be a comparatively easy matter for the Government, going about it methodically in a large way, to secure a herd and arrange either to control it in the latitudes of its natural habitat or to export chosen specimens without running counter to the superstitions of the Arctic tribes.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Wisdom is profitable to others; common-sense to one's self

¶Had critics been able to kill, no masterpiece could have survived

¶There is good in everything with the occasional exception of a good thing.

¶Save the pennies and the dollars will not have to be broken for street-car fares

¶Men make houses; women make homes; necessity makes boarding-places, and flats happen.

¶The man who fears he will do more than his salary calls for will never have much salary to call for.

¶In the fable the wolf called the ox a robber. In the modern version they get together and form a trust

¶It is all very well to say that, if you would know the value of money, go borrow some. But the man who loans it and never gets it back also learns a few lessons.

The Indestructible Monroe Doctrine

SEVEN years ago there was a row over Venezuela, and certain papers in London announced that the Monroe Doctrine was wiped out forever. But when the trouble was settled the Monroe Doctrine was found to be in unusually good health. A few weeks ago Venezuela again became a first-page subject in the world's news, and the Italian Parliament was informed by one of its members that England and Germany had knocked the Monroe Doctrine sky-high. This information seemed to be credited, for Italy hastened to subscribe for a ground-floor allotment of stock in the Anglo-German blockade. The international syndicate is now in liquidation, and the subscribers are anxiously looking for an opportunity to dispose of their shares at a discount. Meanwhile the Monroe Doctrine remains an ugly and immovable fact. If it is "sky-high" it is also bedrock-deep, and all the way between.

Intelligent Americans have never claimed for the Monroe Doctrine a place in international law. They have been content to regard it as a declaration of American policy, good just so long as we have the will and the power to enforce it. But the current of events may yet carry it into the law of nations, without any effort on our part to put it there. International law is merely a collection of the usages commonly observed by civilized Powers, and it includes some things queerer than the Monroe Doctrine.

All the American republics, with the possible exception of Chile, have already recognized that Doctrine as part of the public law of the Western Hemisphere. England, in practice and in all but explicit terms, has accepted it as an inviolable principle. Germany has repeatedly disclaimed any intention of violating it. Russia and Spain, which used to have American possessions, have given them up—the former voluntarily, the latter under pressure. France accepted a practical application of the Doctrine thirty-six years ago, and has never displayed any desire to experience another. Austria refrained from sending troops to the help of Maximilian when we pointed to our "No Trespassing" signboard. Italy was careful to assure us that she had no designs on South American real estate when she joined the blockade of Venezuela. Finally The Hague treaty, signed by all the principal Powers of the world, carries a codicil by which our traditional policy toward American questions is reserved.

Since the Monroe Doctrine was first announced, eighty years ago, no attempt to violate it has ever been consummated. The chance that any such attempt ever will be consummated is less now than ever before. If undisturbed possession for from five to twenty years will give a man a title to a farm by prescription, how long a period of unbroken acquiescence in a certain doctrine by the whole world will it take to give that doctrine the force of international law?

The American Holiday

THERE are in the United States nearly thirty holidays of one kind or another, but only five of them receive anything like general observance—Christmas, Thanksgiving Day, Election Day, Fourth of July and the Twenty-second of February. We have no national holiday, but by the proclamation of the President of the United States and the action of the different States we get something that resembles it. Washington's Birthday comes as near to a real recognition by the whole nation as any other, the only flaw being that, in Mississippi, where there are no statutory holidays, it is observed only by exercises in the public schools. But the day itself stands forth unique and distinct as the nation's greatest tribute to any individual.

As time goes on we seem to be reaching a higher appreciation of Washington's character. We have had in the past decade numerous new books exploiting sides of his private life that belong more to yellow journalism than to literature, but the splendid point is that not even in their microscopic investigations have these writers found anything that detracts from the real elevation of the man. "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind," said Daniel Webster in his magnificent oration at Bunker Hill.

It has been smartly said that we have made of Washington a chromo, and perhaps we owe something to the industrious literary microscopists for their discoveries as to some of the human traits which he possessed. Certain it is that each time we go back to study his work and life we return refreshed with the nobility of plain, simple duty—duty not only in doing that which a man and a patriot should do, but in keeping himself clean and upright. "I hope," wrote Washington in his Moral Maxims, "I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an 'honest man.'" He did that with absolute success, and he was enabled to do it by the observance of another of his maxims: "Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company."

With this vantage his life along higher lines moved nobly to its goals. He knew misrepresentation and abuse of the most harrowing and discouraging kind, but he kept on, and time cleared his good name of all the stains that bad men sought to put upon it in the times of stress and passion. "To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny," he said, and never was a truth better illustrated than in his own experience.

We have on Christmas the opportunity for love and charity, at Thanksgiving the occasion for gratitude, on Election Day the right of self-government, on the Fourth of July the display of patriotism, and on the fifth of our great holidays which is the first in the year, comes the call for duty—duty as shown in the life of a great man who did his work well, and lived up to his ideals without shirking any task or fearing any danger.

Dinner-Parties for the Million

SIMPLICITY in social life is the thing most constantly advised by those who, in print, attempt to regulate our manners. Be simple, we are told; be informal; when you have people at your house don't make "a party" of it. Let us by all means be simple; it is cheaper, more healthful in better taste, incidentally more democratic and more American. But why not be formal, why not "make 'a party' of it"? Parties are rather nice things. "Where are we dining to-night, my dear?" asks some proud member of the "400" of his wife in a novel of smart New York life.

At the Winslow-Thingumajigs," replies that lady. And many a woman throughout the land who doesn't "dine out" once a year feels the glamour of a more splendid life than her own throw its spell over her. One possible result of this is snobbishness, spasmodic extravagance, and silly, ineffectual pretentiousness. But there might be another result. Let us consider a Wednesday evening—shall we say?—in, for example, Akron, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. John Smith sit down to their dinner of Julienne soup, roast beef with vegetables, a salad of tomatoes, rice pudding and coffee. Two blocks away Mr. and Mrs. James Brown discover upon their board tomato soup, boiled mutton with caper sauce, and potatoes, chocolate, ice cream and coffee. The Browns are planning to run in and call on their neighbors during the evening. But Mrs. Smith found it so difficult to get a roast of beef small enough for two people that they might just as well have been "dining out" at the Smiths'. And by the mere postponement of the purchase of mutton until next week they themselves might have given a "little dinner" to which they could have asked their hosts of to-night, and very possibly Amy Truesdale and that nice young Doctor Saunders. There is absolutely no extra expense involved, and no trouble beyond that of laying extra places. Both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown received as wedding gifts a quantity of pretty silver which is only too rarely used and which makes the table look extremely attractive. The social life of Akron would be diversified by two parties, instead of by none at all, and the two evenings of the Smiths and Browns would be unquestionably brightened.

To any one with social instincts the mere fact of being invited out or of inviting people in gives enormous pleasure. There is no need of attempting to prove that it is as pleasant being asked to boiled mutton as to the superb dinner of a *cordon bleu*; it is sufficient that it is so much pleasanter than not being asked at all.

We have plenty of big "functions." What American social life lacks is the quiet, simple gathering of a few friends, which has, nevertheless, been arranged beforehand and has about it the air of considered and meditated hospitality. As it is now we entertain far too elaborately and far too rarely.

The Blot on the Great Man's Name

NOW it is our friend—the country's friend—Edward Everett Hale—who has robbed us of a popular belief! Daniel Webster was not a drunkard! In the twenty-six years during which Mr. Hale "knew him intimately he saw him thousands of times, read thousands of his letters, ran in and out of his house constantly, and never once saw him under the influence of liquor."

Of course we all will say we rejoice to hear it. But in our secret souls we don't altogether rejoice.

Why is this? Are we at bottom a kind of malignant animal? Is there a nasty vein of malice in every heart?

Or is it only that the ordinary man and woman are chilled and stifled by these faultless ruling folk—Powers and Dominions, as John Milton would call them? The dazzle and shine of an archangel awes us, but a dab of coal-soot on his wing makes him human at once. He is our brother now. We can claim fellowship with him at last: he "calls cousin" with us on account of that smut upon his wing.

We all remember when Edward Lear, Washington's secretary, first told the story of how the Father of His Country rushed one day out of his room half shaved to resent an insult given to a poor little maid, by a kick and an oath, how the whole nation chuckled with delight! After all, then, he was no deity, but a man! And we all secretly thanked God.

The votaries of the godlike Daniel in Massachusetts elevated him above humanity, until he was as remote and icy as a peak in Labrador. Then came this ugly slander which Doctor Hale now beats to death so vindictively. It gave red blood to the idol. Every well-meaning bloated loafer at the Cross-Roads now struck hands in his secret mind with the demigod and did him honest homage.

All this is but another way of showing that plain human nature is the base of all power. It is not the statesman we reverence, nor beauty, nor royalty—not even many-sided William—but the man underneath—who is like ourselves.

The ugly old Queen who in her nightgown rushed into her box at the theatre crying out, with sobs, "Our Charlotte has got a boy!" won the hearts of the English people to her family by that one sentence, when all expedients and diplomacy had failed.

The advice which every young worker in the world can gain from these vague hints—whether he wants to win fortune or fame or the other and better successes—is: Make your leverage on humanity. That—not money nor rank nor reputation—is the real stuff out of which to make life.

About the Des Moines News

IN AN article entitled The Man Without a Pull, which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of January 31, 1903, the statement was made incidentally that the Des Moines News suspended publication shortly after Mr. Robert B. Armstrong became connected with its staff. The publishers of the Des Moines News have called our attention to the fact that this statement is incorrect, and that the News has not missed an issue since its first publication in 1881, and has never been in financial difficulties. We gladly take this opportunity of correcting the error.

THE LITERARY SENSE

By E. Nesbit—THE LOVE OF ROMANCE

SHE opened the window at which no light shone. All the other windows were darkly shuttered. The night was still; only a faint breath moved among the restless aspen leaves. The ivy round the window whispered hoarsely as the casement, swung back too swiftly, rested against it. She had a large sheet in her hands. Without hurry and without delaying she knotted one corner of it to the iron staple of the window. She tied the knot firmly, and further secured it with string. She let the white bulk of the sheet fall between the ivy and the night, then she climbed on to the window-ledge and crouched there on her knees. There was a heart-sick pause before she grasped the long twist of the sheet as it hung—let her knees slip from the supporting stone and swung suddenly by her hands. Her elbows and wrists were grazed against the rough edge of the window-ledge—the sheet twisted at her weight and jarred her shoulder heavily against the house wall. Her arms seemed to be tearing themselves from their sockets. But she clenched her teeth, felt with her feet for the twisted ivy stems on the side of the house—found foothold and the moment of almost unbearable agony was over. She went down, helped by feet and hands and by ivy and sheet, almost exactly as she had planned to do. She had not known it would hurt so much—that was all. Her feet felt the soft mould of the border: a stout geranium snapped under her tread. She crept around the house, in the house's shadow—found the gardener's ladder—and so on to the high brick wall. From this she dropped, deftly enough, into the suburban lane; dropped, too, into the arms of a man who was waiting there. She hid her face in his neck, trembling, and said, "Oh, Harry—I wish I hadn't!" Then she began to cry helplessly.

The man, receiving her embrace with what seemed in the circumstances a singularly moderated enthusiasm, led her, with one arm still lightly about her shoulders, down the lane. At the corner he stood still and said in a low voice:

"Hush—stop crying at once! I've something to say to you." She tore herself from his arm and gasped:

"It's *not* Harry," she said. "Oh, how dare you?" She had been brave till she had dropped into his arms. Then the need for bravery had seemed over. Now her tears were dried swiftly and suddenly by the blaze of anger and courage in her eyes.

"Don't be unreasonable," he said, and even at that moment of disappointment and rage his voice pleased her. "I had to get you away somehow. I couldn't risk an explanation right under your aunts' windows. Harry's sprained his knee—cricket. He couldn't come."

A sharp resentment stirred in her against the lover who could play cricket on the very day of an elopement.

"*He* told you to come? Oh, how could he betray me!"

"My dear girl, what was he to do? He couldn't leave you to wait out here alone—perhaps for hours."

"I shouldn't have waited long," she said sharply; "you came to tell me: now you've told me—you'd better go."

"Look here," he said with gentle calm, "I do wish you'd try not to be quite so silly. I'm Harry's doctor—and a middle-aged man. Let me help you. There must be some better way out of your troubles than a midnight flight and a despairingly defiant note on the pincushion."

"I didn't," she said; "I put it on the mantelpiece. Please go. I decline to discuss anything with you."

"Ah, don't!" he said. "I knew you must be a very romantic person or you wouldn't be here—and I knew you must be rather—well, rather young—or you wouldn't have fallen in love with Harry. But I did *not* think, after the brave and practical manner in which you kept your appointment, I did not think that you'd try to behave like the heroine of a family novelette. Come, sit down on this heap of stones—there's nobody about. There's a light in your house now. You can't go back yet. Here, let me put my Inverness round you. Keep it up round your chin, and then if any one sees you they won't know who you are. I can't leave you alone here. You know what a lot of robberies there have been in the neighborhood lately, there may be rough characters about. Come, now, let's think what's to be done. You know you can't get back unless I help you."

"I don't want you to help me; and I won't go back," she said.

But she sat down and pulled the cloak up around her face.

"Now," he said, "as I understand the case—it's this: You live rather a dull life with two tyrannical aunts—and the passion for romance."

"They're not tyrannical—only one's always ill and the other's always nursing her. She makes her get up and read to her in the night. That's her light you saw."

"Well, I pass the aunts. Anyhow, you met Harry—somehow——"

"It was at the Choral Society. And then they stopped my going because he walked home with me one wet night."

"And you have never seen each other since——"

"Of course we have."

"And communicated by some means more romantic than the post."

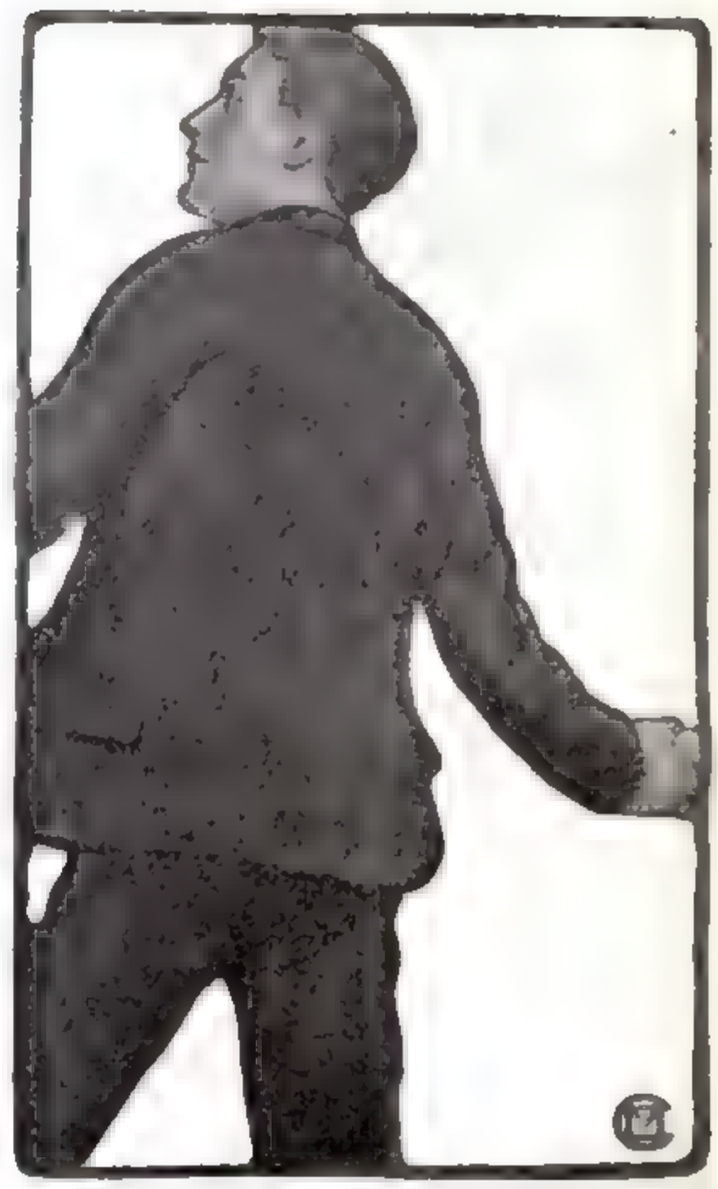
"It wasn't romantic. It was tennis balls."

"Tennis balls?"

"You cut a slit and squeeze it and put a note in and it shuts up, and no one notices it. It wasn't romantic at all. And I don't know why I should tell you anything about it."

"And then I suppose there were glances in church and stolen meetings in the passionate hush of the rose-scented garden."

"There's nothing in the garden but geraniums," she said.



"IT WASN'T ROMANTIC. IT WAS TENNIS BALLS"

"and we always talked over the wall—he used to stand on their chicken house, and I used to turn the dog kennel up on end and stand on that. You have no right to know anything about it, but it was not in the least romantic."

"No—that sees itself—may I ask whether it was you or he who proposed this elopement?"

"Oh, how *dare* you!" she said, jumping up, "you have no right to insult me like this."

He caught her wrist. "Sit down, you little firebrand," he said. "I gather that he proposed it. You at any rate consented—no doubt after the regulation amount of proper scruples. It's all very charming and idyllic and—what are you crying for? Your lost hopes of a happy life with a boy you know nothing of—a boy you've never talked to about anything but love's young dream?"

"I'm *not* crying," she said passionately, turning her streaming eyes on him; "you know I'm not—or if I am—it's only with rage. You may be a doctor, though I don't believe you are. But you're not a gentleman."

"I suppose not," he said; "a gentleman would not make conditions. I'm going to make one. You can't go to Harry, because his mother would be seriously annoyed if you did, and so, believe me, would he—though you don't think it. You can get up and leave me and go 'away into the night,' like a heroine of fiction—but you can't keep on going away into the night for ever and ever. You must have food and clothes and lodging. And the sun rises every day. You must just quietly and dully go home again. And you can't do it without me. And I'll help you if you'll promise not to see Harry, or write to him, for a year."

"He'll see me. He'll write to me," she said with proud triumph.

"I think not. I exacted the promise from *him* as a condition of my coming to meet you."

"And he promised?"

"Evidently."

There was a long silence. She broke it with a voice of concentrated fury.

"If he doesn't mind, *I* don't," she said. "I'll promise. Now let me go back. I wish you hadn't come—I wish I were dead."

"Come," he said; "don't be so angry with me. I've done what I could for you both."

"On conditions!"

"You must see that they are good or you wouldn't have accepted them so soon. I thought it would take at least an hour to get you to consent. But no—ten minutes of earnest reflection are enough to settle the luckless Harry's little hash. You're quite right—he doesn't deserve more! I am pleased with myself, I own. I must have a very convincing manner."

"Oh," she cried passionately, "I dare say you think you've been very clever. But I wish you knew what I think of you! And I'd tell you for twopence!"

"I'm a poor man, gentle Lady—won't you tell me for love?" His voice was soft and pleading beneath the laugh that stung her.

—FOUND THE GARDENER'S LADDER—AND SO ON TO THE HIGH BRICK WALL

The Cadillac Runabout

The

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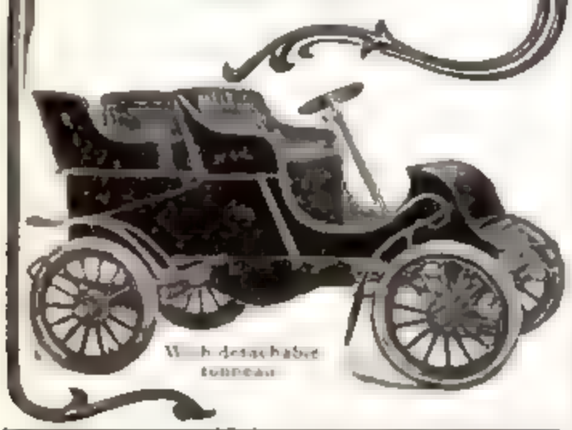

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"Yes, I *will* tell you—for nothing," she cried; "you're a brute, and a hateful, interfering, disagreeable, impertinent old thing and I only hope you'll have some one as horrid to you as you've been to me!"

"I think I've had that already—quite as horrid," he said grimly. "This is not the moment for compliments—but you have great pluck. You are brave, and I never met any one who could be more 'horrid,' as you call it, in smaller compass, all with one little tiny adjective. My felicitations! You *are* clever. Come—don't be angry any more—I had to do it—you'll understand some day."

"You wouldn't like it yourself," she said softening to something in his voice.

"I shouldn't have liked it at your age," he said. "Sixteen—fifteen—what is it?"

"I'm nineteen next birthday," she said with dignity.

"And the date?"

"The fifteenth of June—I don't know what you mean by asking me."

"And to-day's the first of July," he said and sighed. "Well, well!—if your Highness will allow me I'll go and see whether your aunts' light is out, and, if it is, we'll attempt the reentrance."

He went. She shivered, waiting, for what felt like hours. And the resentment against her aunts grew faint in the light of her resentment against her lover's messenger, and this in its turn was outshone by her anger against her lover. He had played cricket. He had risked his life—on the very day whose evening should have crowned that life by giving her to his arms. She set her teeth. Then yawned and shivered again. It was an English July, and very cold. And the slow minutes crept past. What a fool she had been! Why had she not made a fight for her liberty—for her right to see Harry if she chose to see him? The aunts would never have stood up against a well planned, determined, disagreeable resistance. In the light of this doctor's talk the whole thing did seem cowardly, romantic and, worst of all, insufferably young. Well—to-morrow everything should change—she would fight for her love—not merely run away to him. But the promise? Well, Harry was Harry, and a promise was only a promise! There were footsteps in the lane. The man was coming back to her. She rose.

"It's all right," he said; "come."

In silence they walked down the lane. Suddenly he stopped.

"You'll thank me some day," he said "why should you throw yourself away on Harry? You're worth fifty of him. And I only wish I had time to explain this to you thoroughly, but I haven't!"

She too had stopped. Now she stamped her foot.

"Look here," she said, "I'm not going to promise anything at all. You needn't help me if you don't want to—but I take back that promise. Go! Do what you like! I mean to stick to Harry—and I'll write and tell him so to-night. So there!"

He clapped his hands very softly. "Bravo!" he said; "that's the right spirit. Plucky child—any other girl would have broken the promise without a word to me. Harry's luckier even than I thought. I'll help you, little champion! Come on."

He helped her over the wall—carried the ladder to her window and steadied it while she mounted it. When she had climbed over the window-ledge she turned and leaned out of the window—to see him slowly mounting the ladder. He threw his head back with a quick gesture that meant, "I have something more to say—lean out!"

She leaned out. His face was on a level with hers.

"You've slept soundly all night—don't forget that—it's important," he whispered; "and—you needn't tell Harry—one-sided things are so trivial, but I can't help it. *I* have the passion for romance, too!"

With that he caught her neck in the curve of his arm and kissed her.

"Good by!" he said. "Thank you so much for a very pleasant evening!" He dropped from the ladder and was gone. She drew her curtain with angry suddenness. Then she lighted candles and looked at herself in the looking-glass. She thought she had never looked so pretty. And she was right. Then she went to bed, and slept like a baby. Next morning the suburb was electrified by the discovery made by the nursing aunt that all the silver and jewels and valuables from the safe at the top of the stairs had vanished.

"The villains must have come through your room, child," she said to Harry's sweetheart; "the ladder proves that. Slept sound all night, did you? Well, that was a mercy! They might have murdered you in your bed if you'd happened to be awake. You ought to be humbly thankful when you think of what might have happened."

The girl did not think very much of what might have happened. What *had* happened gave her quite food enough for reflection. Especially when to her side of the night's adventures was added the tale of Harry's.

He had not played cricket, he had not hurt his knee; he had merely confided in his father's valet, and had given that unprincipled villain a five pound note to be at the Cross Roads—in the orthodox style with a cab—for the flight, a post-chaise being, alas! out of date. Instead of doing this the valet, with a confederate, had gagged and bound Harry and set him in a convenient corner against the local water-works to await events.

"I never should have believed it of him," added Harry in an agitated India-rubber ball note; "he always seemed such a superior person, you'd have thought he was a gentleman if you'd met him in any other position."

"I should. I did," she said to herself. "And oh, how frightfully clever! And the way he talked! And all the time he was only keeping me out of the way while they stole the silver and things. I wish he hadn't taken the ruby necklace: it does suit me so. And what nerve! He actually talked about the robberies in the neighborhood. He must have done them all. Oh, what a pity! But he was a dear. And how awfully wicked he was to—but I'll never tell Harry!"

She never has.

Curiously enough, her Burglar Valet Hero was never caught, though the police traced his career from his being sent down from Oxford to his last, best burglary.

She was married to Harry—with the complete consent of every one concerned—for Harry had money, and so had she, and there never had been the slightest need for an elopement, save in youth's perennial passion for romance. It was one morning at breakfast that she received a registered postal packet. It had a good many queer postmarks on it, and the stamps were those of a South American Republic. It was addressed to her by her own name—and under her new name, which was as good as new still. It came at breakfast-time and it contained the ruby necklace, several good rings and a diamond brooch. All were the property of her late aunts. Also there was an India-rubber ball, and in it a letter.

"Here is a birthday present for you," it said; "try to forgive me. Some temptations are absolutely irresistible. That one was. And it was worth it. It rounded off the whole thing so perfectly. That last indiscretion of mine nearly ruined everything. There was a policeman in the lane. I only escaped by the merest fluke. But even then it would have been worth it. At least, I should like you to believe that I think so."

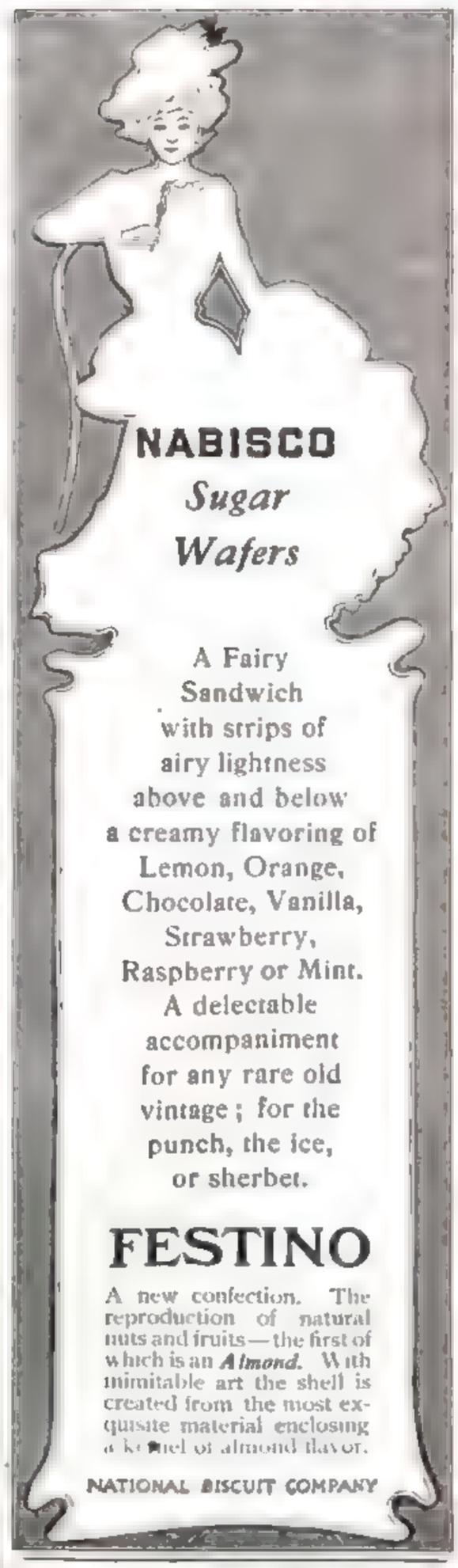
"His last indiscretion," said Harry, who saw the note but not the India-rubber ball; "that means stealing your aunts' things, of course, unless it was dumping me down by the water-works, but, of course, that wasn't the last one. But worth it? Why, he'd have had seven years if they'd caught him. Worth it? He *must* have a passion for burglary."

She did not explain to Harry because he would never have understood. But the burglar would have found it quite easy to understand that or anything. She was so shocked to find herself thinking this that she went over to Harry and kissed him with more affection even than usual.

"Yes, dear," he said; "I don't wonder you're pleased to get something back out of all those things. I quite understand."

"Yes, dear," said she. "I know you always do!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of three short stories, each complete in itself—three instances of the Literary Sense.



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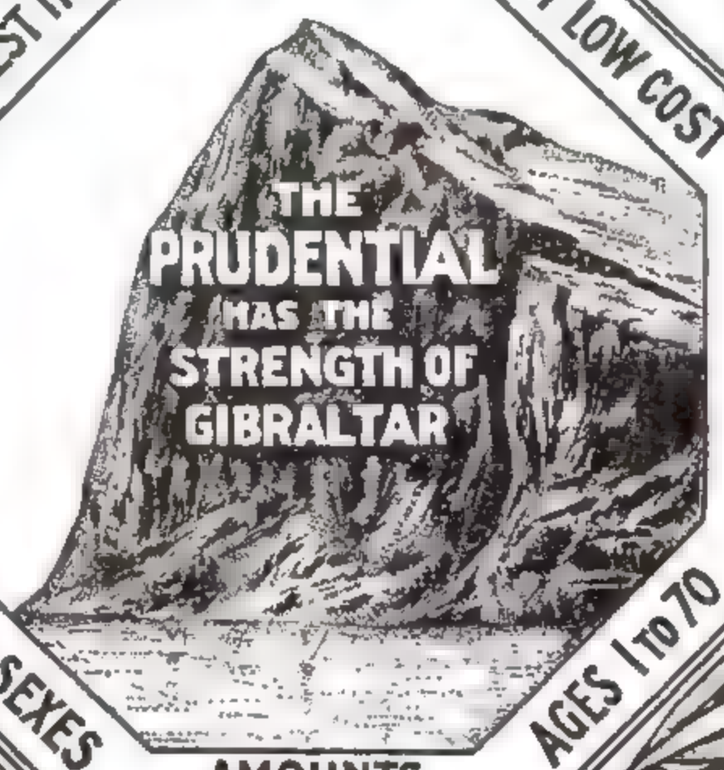

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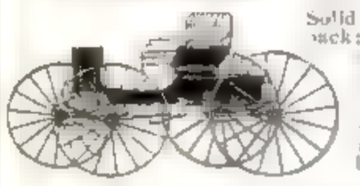

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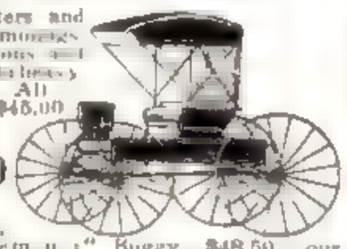

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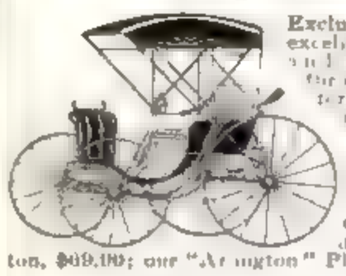

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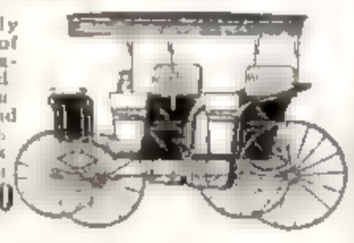

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Between the Lines

The World of Book Agents

THE book agent is an underrated figure. As a matter of fact, he is the outward and visible manifestation of an enormous industry which is peculiarly American. The magnitude of the subscription-book business in these days is something of which the average citizen can have no conception. Book publication, in his eyes, is probably represented for the most part merely by the trade books advertised in the daily papers. If the figures for subscription and trade sales could be obtained for a year, a comparison of the number of new publications, new editions and total sales on either side would be of peculiar interest. The agent not only symbolizes an immense business, but the agent who stands high in his calling regards himself as an envoy extraordinary rather than a simple salesman. With "de luxe canvassers," who sell sets of books offered at hundreds and even thousands of dollars, a call is a result of introductions and cleverly devised correspondence. It is the business of such an agent to know the collectors likely to purchase expensive publications and an acquaintance once formed is not allowed to lapse. These are the agents who pay their visits in carriages, accompanied by valets who carry such sample books as their masters may wish to show. The price of the work which they sell may range from $500 to $5000 and their commission will average about twenty-five per cent. It is plain, therefore, that very few sales will make up a handsome income, provided the agent has the ability to make those few sales. An agent's commissions may exceed $10,000 a year, and there may be periods when his income approaches $1000 a week, but these instances are extreme and rare. The range is a wide one, from the lordly salesman of the costliest books who holds lists of millionaire book buyers and keeps himself acquainted with their plans and movements, to the humble country book agent or college student who gleans a commission of twenty-five or fifty cents from the sale of a single volume of the Household Guide or Book of Facts Worth Knowing. But it is proper to preface a sketch of subscription-book selling with some correction of the popular ideas regarding the really successful representative of the industry.

The Psychology of Subscription Sales

Logically the first point to be explained is the nature of a business which depends upon the proneness of human nature to enjoy the present and take some chances as regards the future. Books which are sold in this way should represent a reasonably large price in order that publishers and agents may reap sufficiently large returns. There is the familiar sale of encyclopedias and certain of the more expensive reference books. There is a vast industry which consists of selling standard sets. There are several companies which run plates of many standard authors. One company has two hundred and twenty-six titles, another one hundred and seventy, and these plates may be rented by an intending publisher, who can print from them on a rental of two to five cents each, or twenty to fifty dollars a thousand impressions. New sets of various kinds, representing old wine in new bottles, are being constantly manufactured, sometimes by publishers who sell or rent their plates and do not make subscription sales themselves. England is drawn upon, and, in spite of the enormous sale of certain standard authors like Dickens, Thackeray and Scott, there is rarely a time when there is not a promise of some new edition. The subscription publisher may make his own plates or buy them or lease them, or he may buy an edition of a set in sheets to be bound under his directions. The trade agent, as he is called, who represents the smaller phase of the business, will simply take a modest edition at a discount of sixty per cent. or sixty and five, and proceed to offer them through a few agents. Before doing this he may devise various schemes of embellishment in the way of impressive title-pages, colored illustrations and elaborate binding. An artist will be employed to color the original illustrations in water-colors, and a staff of art students will be set to work to copy these color models for the edition, thus providing the "aquarelle" and "fac-simile" and "hand-colored" plates which are usually made much of in the prospectus.

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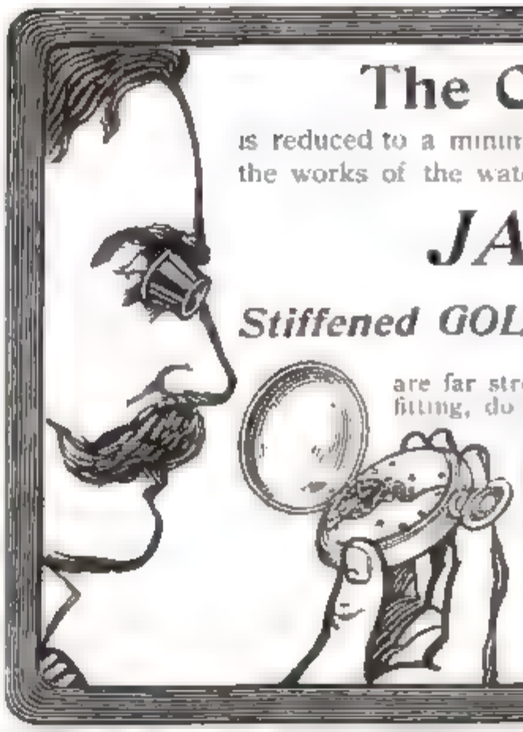

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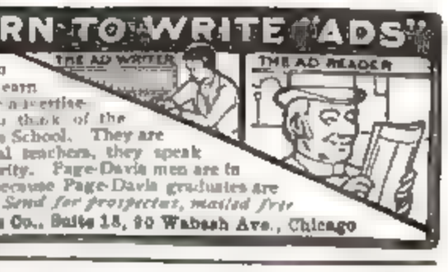

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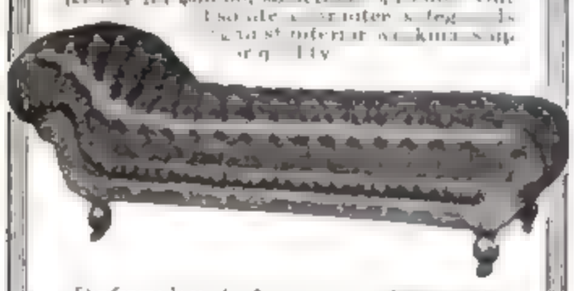

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It will be seen that the "trade agent" who buys an edition of perhaps two hundred and fifty or five hundred sets with the control of a given territory can start a business with a very small capital. Another publisher may rent plates for from three to five years and do his own printing.

The book-making publishers represent, of course, the largest investment of capital. The preparation of one well-known "Library" required three years and the services of a very large and a very expensive editorial staff.

Some years ago there was a demand for art books, and various galleries and collections of "masterpieces" were sold freely. Then the public became sated with art for a time, and renewed attention has been given to standard sets, libraries of selections of various kinds, libraries of science and literature, libraries representing the working out of some comparatively new plan, and a variety of historical and biographical collections. Of late a vast amount of material originally used as "trade books" has been prepared for subscription sale. This is often greatly to the advantage of book buyers who are enabled to obtain in many cases really well made and handsome uniform collections.

Whatever the idea of the subscription-book set may be, the ability to sell it is a crucial matter. There is always a demand for the best book agents, but these agents will not take up with any "proposition" which does not hold a promise of fat returns. The alluring "prospectus" and "canvass," and the various forms of advertising literature which are prepared represent only a small part of the work involved.

If all goes smoothly, the ultimate returns are most satisfactory. But the weak point is the system of long time credits. The set of books must be bought or manufactured. Due preparations for sale must be made. The agent must have his commission as soon as a sale is made, and the chances are that he will offer an eloquent plea for an advance before any sale is accomplished. The payments by the book-buyers are extended over a considerable time, and it may not be until over half these payments are made that the actual expenditures are returned. The publisher therefore locks up a considerable capital and it returns to him slowly in spite of "discounts for cash." If too much capital is tied up in this way the result is an "overextension" which has resulted in conspicuous failure. Those accounts, or "leases" as they are called, are not readily available assets in most cases, although arrangements are sometimes made for discounting them. The elements of danger are sufficiently obvious, but with care and shrewd management the business has built up many fortunes.

—*J. W.*

A Parents' Handbook in Disguise

NINE librarians out of ten who receive a copy of Lilian Bell's new book, Hope Loring *(L. C. Page & Co.)*, will catalogue it under "Works of Fiction." A work of fiction it undoubtedly is; and yet it may with equal propriety be considered a handbook on how to rear and how not to rear one's children; or again, a manual for young persons on the treatment of parents.

Hope Loring and her brother and sister are wholesome, healthy, likable young people whose up-bringing has been along the lines the author advocates. The Stuart boys and their sister Amy are creatures, or horrible examples, of less successful methods. Cuthbert is a hypocrite, "Stony" a scamp, and Amy an incurable liar. The author doesn't overblame Cuthbert for padding his college expense account with mythical expenditures on doctors, charities and clothes; nor "Stony" for forging young Loring's name; nor Amy for outlying Sapphira. On the contrary, she intimates that all three of them—who are likable in spite of their peccadillos—would have turned out as well as the model Lorings had their elders given them but half a chance.

The Lorings believed in treating their children like rational beings; in letting them live their own lives and build up their own individualities with a trained conscience as their sole master. Above all, they cultivated a fine spirit of charity and tolerance, and made family government effective by having as little of it as possible. The Stuarts' methods, like their results, were diametrically opposite.

Miss Bell's ideas are not new; but she presents them forcefully and agreeably; and until the millennium shall overtake us the preaching of charity and toleration will never be out of season.

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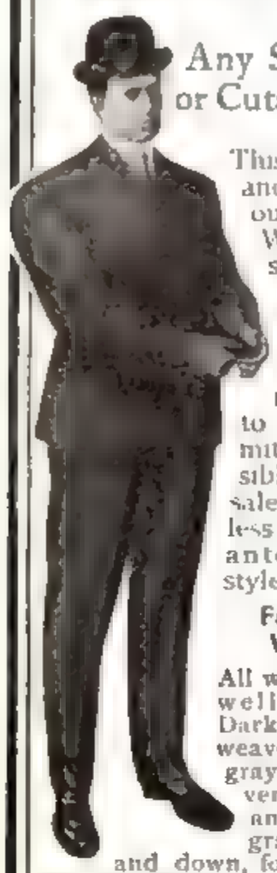

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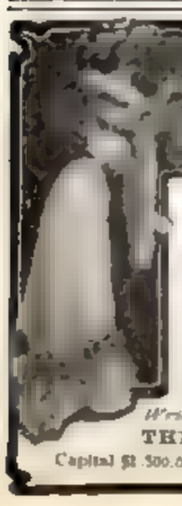

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SEA SLANG

By Morgan Robertson

"A SAILOR'S trade is never learned." This aphorism, oft quoted at sea, is proved by another—"Different ships have different rules." And with regard to the vast number of ships, built and rigged in different ports by men who speak different tongues, it is surprising that there are any rules at all, or that sailors learn in one ship anything of value in the next. Yet they do, and not the least among their acquirements is a knowledge of the vernacular—the names of objects, methods and happenings.

There have been many nautical dictionaries printed; but not one contains a half of the seaman's vocabulary. Such a book, to be in any sense complete and of value to the sailor, should be more than a dictionary—it should be somewhat encyclopedic in its nature, and give the synonyms, the different meanings of the same word, and the various forms of phrases which make sea talk as unintelligible to a landsman as a foreign tongue.

A student might learn from a dictionary that the word "luff," as a verb, is an order to the helmsman to steer nearer to the point from which the wind is coming; but as a noun it means the forward edge of a sail, the hauling part of a tackle, or a second tackle clapped on to this hauling part. Now for the combinations, which most dictionaries ignore. "Luff," "shiver the luff" and "hold your luff" have to do with steering, and are almost synonymous; but in the first order "luff" is a verb, in the second a noun (referring to the edge of the sail), and in the third the name of a condition.

"Nipper the luff," is an order used in tackle work, and means to bind, with the hands or a piece of small stuff, the hauling part of a tackle to its next part; and "fleet up the luff" is an order which might follow, but it would refer to fleeting, or shifting along for a fresh grip, of the other, or "luff" tackle. The best-known meaning of "fleet" is, of course, familiar to landsmen.

A Tale for Talking Toms

All sea talk must be terse and expressive. There is much of it, all necessary. Not only does each sail have its name, but each rope and block (there are no pulleys at sea) can be designated either by a name or number. An officer, inspecting a lofty tarring job through binoculars from the deck, may roar out to a man aloft: "There's a holiday on the after hitch of the third starboard mizzen topgallant ratline," and, provided that the man with the tar pot has caught all the words, he may go direct to the bare spot and touch it up. But this is a long-winded order. "Mind your holidays" is just as effective and saves breath.

There is a forecastle yarn, hoary with age, and probably of English origin, which illustrates the unwisdom of verbosity aboard ship. It is of a young graduate of a naval college, who for some reason made his first voyage as second mate of a merchant ship. He was a good, theoretical sailor and knew how to make sail, and this was his task on the mizzen as the ship towed to sea. Things went well with him until the topgallant sail was dropped and the men on deck began hauling out the sheets, when something jammed aloft and the starboard clew of the sail remained midway on its passage out to the topsail yardarm. The man aloft was not aware of it, and the young officer called up to him: "Proceed to the slings of the mizzen topgallant yard and there ascertain and remove the obstruction which prevents the starboard sheet from coming home."

The man aloft scratched his head, looked around and down to the deck, then answered, "Sir?"

The long sentence was repeated, and again the bewildered man answered, "Sir?" Then the second mate called to the bosun, a rough, rude man of no refinement, and asked him to "advise that sailor as to his duty." The bosun did. Funneling his hands he bellowed upward:

"You bloomin' son of a sea cook, overhaul that clewline."

"Aye, aye, sir," cheerfully answered the man, and the obstruction—a gasket pulled into the clewline block—was ascertained and removed at once.

This is merely a yarn, but it may have some ancient foundation in fact. Certain it is, however, that no officer in a modern ship could waste so much time and get the work done.

For some reason unknown to philology a sailor loves rolling syllables and the long

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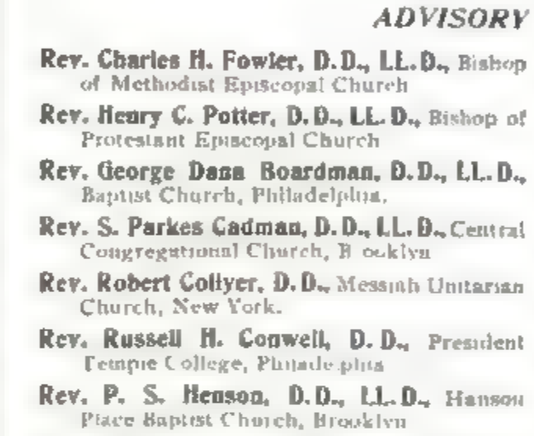

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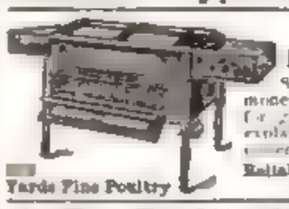

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sound of vowels. He will slur the last two letters in "north" and "south," saving breath and effort of vocal chords by saying "nor' nor'east," or "sou' west an' by west"; and another trick of the tongue, equally shipshape, is a variation of the word "north" to "nothe"; but a man who says this will pronounce "south" correctly. "Patent" and "tackle" are pronounced with the long sound of "a," unless, in the case of the latter, it is used as a verb, when it is pronounced as the dictionaries direct. "Composite," a legitimate word of the language, is applied to a wooden ship with iron frames, but it rolls off a sailor's tongue with the first syllable accented, and the vowel of the last given the long sound. There is reason for everything, and these pronunciations have evolved, no doubt, from the ease with which they may be given and understood in a hurry.

Though there are many other legitimate words of the language used in sea talk, they have meanings quite distinct from those ashore. There are "hounds," "horses," "bridles," "trucks" and "mangers" aboard ship, but a farmer would not recognize them, nor would his wife recognize the "scuttle" and the "bolsters." There are "trees," "whiskers" and "wings," and the latter have no more connection with the sails than have the much misunderstood "sheets." There is a "sheet" to every sail, but it is of rope or chain, not canvas, and it pulls down and secures the after, lower corner; or, in the case of a boom sail, it is a tackle attached to the after end of the boom. And the stern "sheets" of a boat are neither rope, chain nor canvas, but the space in the stern.

The Passing of the Old Ways

Among seafaring men a general opinion is gaining ground that a revision of the names of masts will be found necessary aboard the six and seven mast schooners coming into vogue. At present they are named from forward, as foremast, mainmast, mizzenmast (names centuries old), jiggermast, spankermast, drivermast (these three transposed occasionally) and pushermast. It is not that sailors cannot learn the ropes, for each mast is rigged like the next, and if he learns one he learns all; but on a dark night, when he cannot see but a mast or two, he is apt to get lost on the long deck, and if ordered to haul aft the mizzen sheet may go to the spanker instead. His only method of keeping track of himself, even in daytime, is to count hurriedly, from one end or the other; and in view of this it has been suggested that a sensible nomenclature would be one of numbers—number one mast, number two mast, number three, etc. The words are euphonious and roll easily off the tongue. "Haul aft the number six sheet" is just as intelligible and as easy to pronounce in a loud voice as "haul aft the driver sheet." If the men were forward when the order came they certainly would have to count as they ran aft, and if they were saved the trouble of a mental translation into the accustomed terms they would have clearer heads and easier minds.

The "Johnny-Haul-Taut," the youthful sailor who talks shop ashore and afloat, is much in evidence in the Navy, and does what he can to keep alive the dying vernacular of the sea. But the necessity for it left the Navy with the advent of the sparless warship.

Such expressions as "Shiver my timber," "Douse my toplights," and "Avast, my hearty" are as obsolete as the Wooden Walls of England within which they had their birth and development; but the word "avast," used as a synonym of the order "stop," as "'Vast heaving," or "'Vast hauling," is still in use; and the word "belay," an order to stop hauling and make a rope fast to a belaying-pin, is often used by Johnny-Haul-Taut as an injunction on a fellow-man to cease some performance which he is engaged in. He will say, "Belay your jaw-tackle" as a nautical synonymous expression of "Shut your mouth"; and on occasions will d——n your eyes, or his own, or those of his sister's cat with a fluency equal to that of the old sea dogs he has read about but never seen.

The old sea dogs are gone, and most of their picturesque vocabulary has followed them. What is left is found in the speech of very old and very young sailors of the Navy, and in that of merchant sailors in square-rigged ships. It will soon become a dead language; for the young blue-jackets will neglect it as they acquire sounder knowledge, the old will die off, and the square-rigged ship give way to the tramp steamer and the multimast schooner, in both of which an acquaintance with donkey engines is of more value to a man than the whole curriculum of old-fashioned seamanship.

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The Law at Heart's Desire

(Concluded from Page 3)

of his right under the Constitution to bear arms, to assemble in public, and to engage in the pursuit of happiness.

"The prosecution," he said, "has introduced reference to a certain pig, alleging that it had been slain by the act of this prisoner." Not admitting that there had been any pig, since this fact was not yet proven; not admitting that his client had fired any gun, pistol, revolver or six-shooter, since that was not yet proven before the court; he none the less would defy prosecution to show him the first specific violation of any law or ordinance whatever. This was no meeting for the purpose of mere recrimination, but a meeting whereover was thrown the dignity and solemnity of the ægis of the Law. We were not here to assess value upon a supposititious pig, injured in a supposititious manner, and not represented here by any claimant whatever. No damage had been asked, no damage had been done, no law had been violated. Why, then, his client had been thus ruthlessly dragged into court, to his great personal chagrin, his loss of time, his mental suffering, the attorney for defense could not say. It was injustice of a monstrous sort! Prosecution might well feel relieved if no retaliatory action were later taken against them for false imprisonment.

When Dan Anderson sat down there was not a man in the jury who was not bathed in perspiration; whereby it was easy to be seen that abstruse thought was hard at work. Blackman, J. P., perspiring no less than any member of the jury, drew himself up, looking over his shoulder as though half in fear. There was Something—Something there, in that room! It had come there since Dan Anderson began to speak.

"Evidence f'r the State," the Judge finally managed to stammer, turning to the attorney for the prosecution.

But it never came so far along as that. There was a sound of many footsteps; voices came murmuring, growing louder. The door was pushed open from without, and in came much of the remaining population of Heart's Desire, so far as it could gain room. The man from Leavenworth was there, his whiskers wagging unintelligibly. McKinney was there; and Doc Walters, and Jimmie Jamison, and everybody else; and, pushing through the crowd, there came the Littlest Girl from Kansas, her apron awry, her hair blown, her face flushed, her eyes moist with tears.

"Curly!" cried she as at last her eyes caught sight of him. "Come right on out of here, this minute! Come along!"

What would you have? The Law is the Law, but there are such things as supreme courts in the administering of the Law. It was useless for Blackman, J. P., to rap and call for order. It had probably been useless for any man to undertake to stop the prisoner at the bar, thus adjured. At any rate he arose and said politely to the jurors, "Fellers, I got to go"—and so went, no man raising hand to restrain him. Each member of the jury told him afterward that he would have "come clear" anyhow, so that perhaps no actual injustice was done.

As to Dan Anderson, he himself admitted his wish that the case had gone so far along as examination of the witnesses. "I wanted to cross-examine," said he. He was an adventurous soul; yet it was perhaps just as well at that stage of progress in Heart's Desire that he did not cross-examine. That night, over by the arroyo, we met Curly and the Littlest Girl walking in the moonlight. Curly was quiet. The Littlest Girl was softened, tremulous, content. It needed no assurance to tell us that they were now soon to be married. Curly, pausing as we approached, mumbled some shamefaced thanks, quieting his natural humility and chagrin for the sake of many things. He also said something of pay.

"Curly," said Dan Anderson, his voice trembling, "I didn't do it for pay. I did it—I don't know why——"

An hour later Dan Anderson and I sat in the glorious flood of the light of the moon of Heart's Desire, and we fell silent, as was the way of men in that place. At length Dan Anderson turned his face to the top of old Carizzo, the restful, the impassive, the great, the content, the just. He gazed long without speaking, as though he plainly saw something there at the mountain-top.

"Listen," he whispered to me, half sobbing, a moment later, and his eyes did not quite keep back the tears. "She's there—the Goddess. The Law has come to Heart's Desire. May God forgive me!"

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